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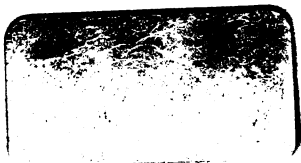
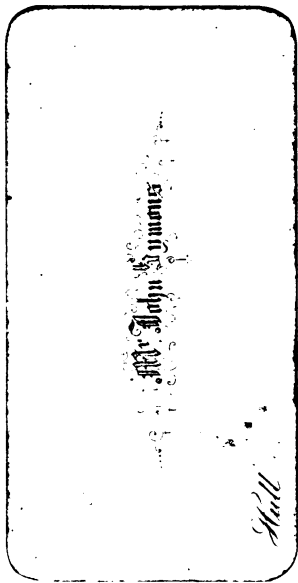
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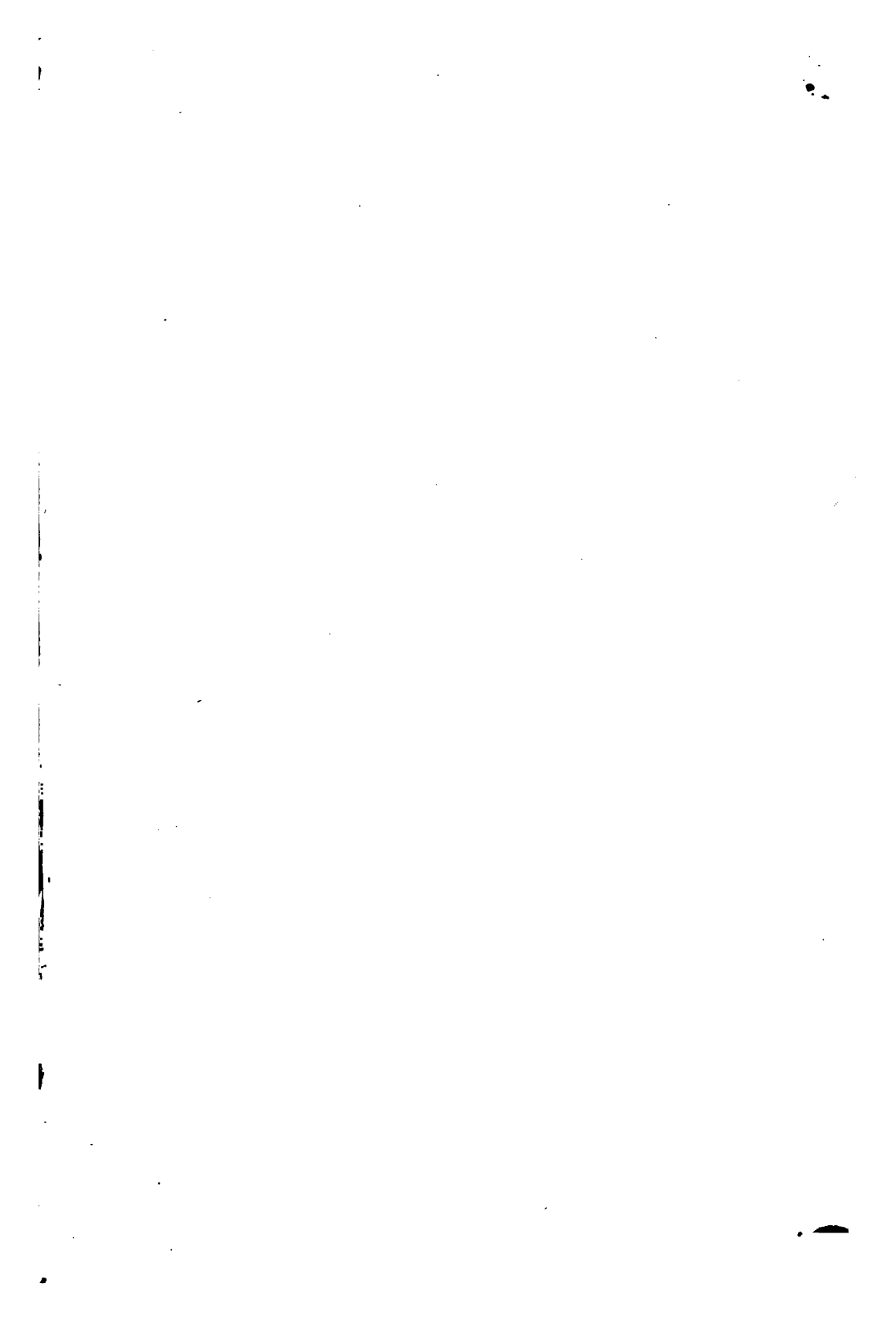
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SELECTIONS FROM LOCAL HISTORY:  
INCLUDING  
THE SIEGE OF HULL,  
OUR ANCIENT CHURCHYARDS,  
AND  
PAST POETS OF HULL.

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By JOHN SYMONS, M.R.I.A.,

AUTHOR OF "HIGH STREET, HULL," ETC.

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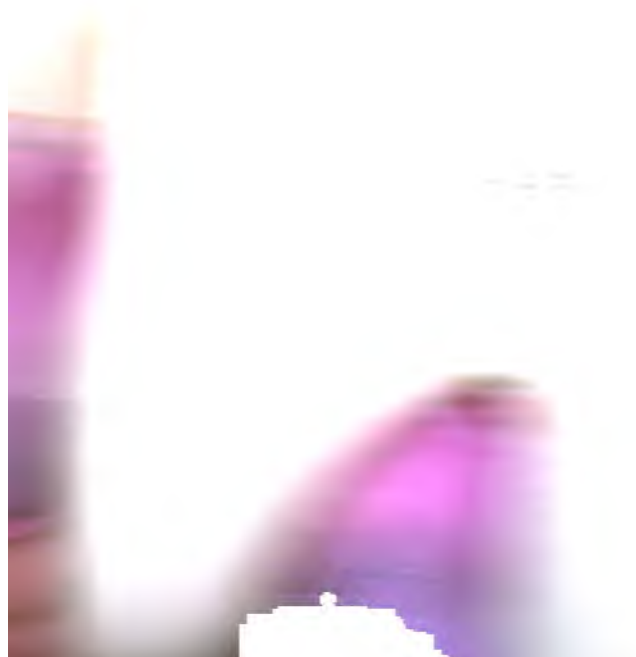
"I speak of ancient times."—Dryden.

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Kingston-upon-Hull: W. Adams, 23, Market-place;  
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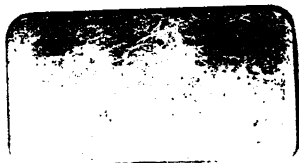
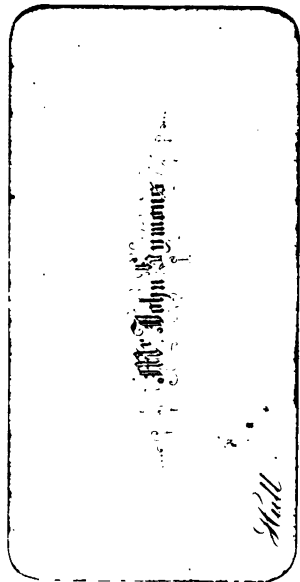


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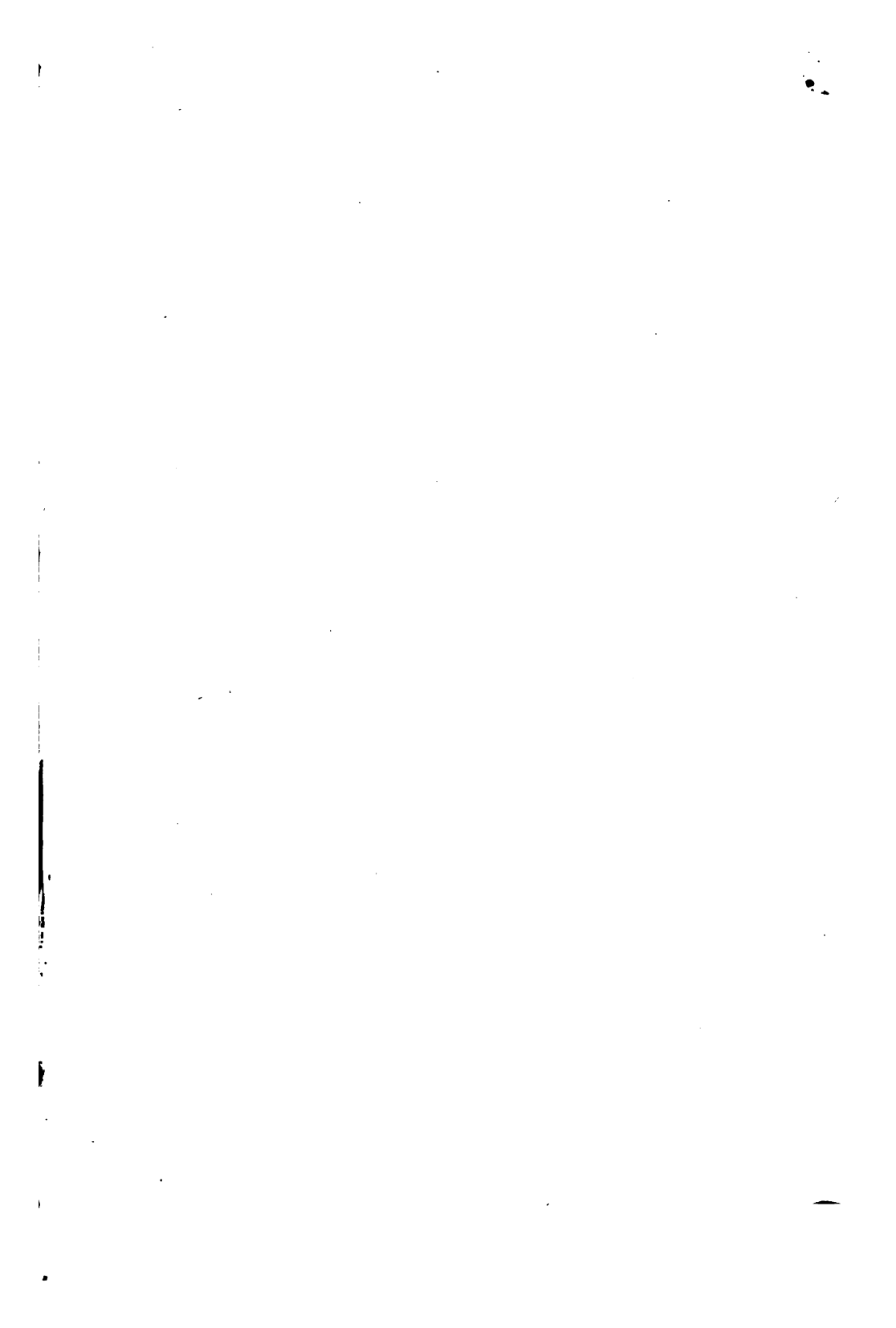


IN presenting this little volume to the public, I may state at the outset that it is simply a miscellaneous collection of local historical incidents and sketches compiled from the best authorities. My motives for placing them in a more permanent form than manuscript are many. I well remember the late E. F. COLLINS, when Editor of the "*Hull Advertiser*," in 1863, while lamenting in a leader over the many local worthies departed, who when living devoted their time to the welfare of the town, and whose constant endeavours to do good were deserving of some biographical notice, urged the revival of the office of Historiographer. In the same paper, June 18th, 1863, I supported the views of the writer, and since that period have often sighed for the leisure, means, and ability to carry out the desire of that able *litterateur*, who so soon after took his place in "man's last mansion." I pointed out at the time the difficulty which lies in the way of collecting facts worthy of interest to the people without troubling families and descendants, and have since realized the truth of that statement, for very little information has been afforded me by those to whom I applied, and it would have rejoiced me very much to have more fully noted the noble gifts of departed ancient worthies, and to have expatiated on the real charity and benevolence of the commercial, trading and enterprising spirits that have from time to time passed from amongst us. To have written full biographical notices of these local patriots would have proved pleasurable to me and interesting to the reader.

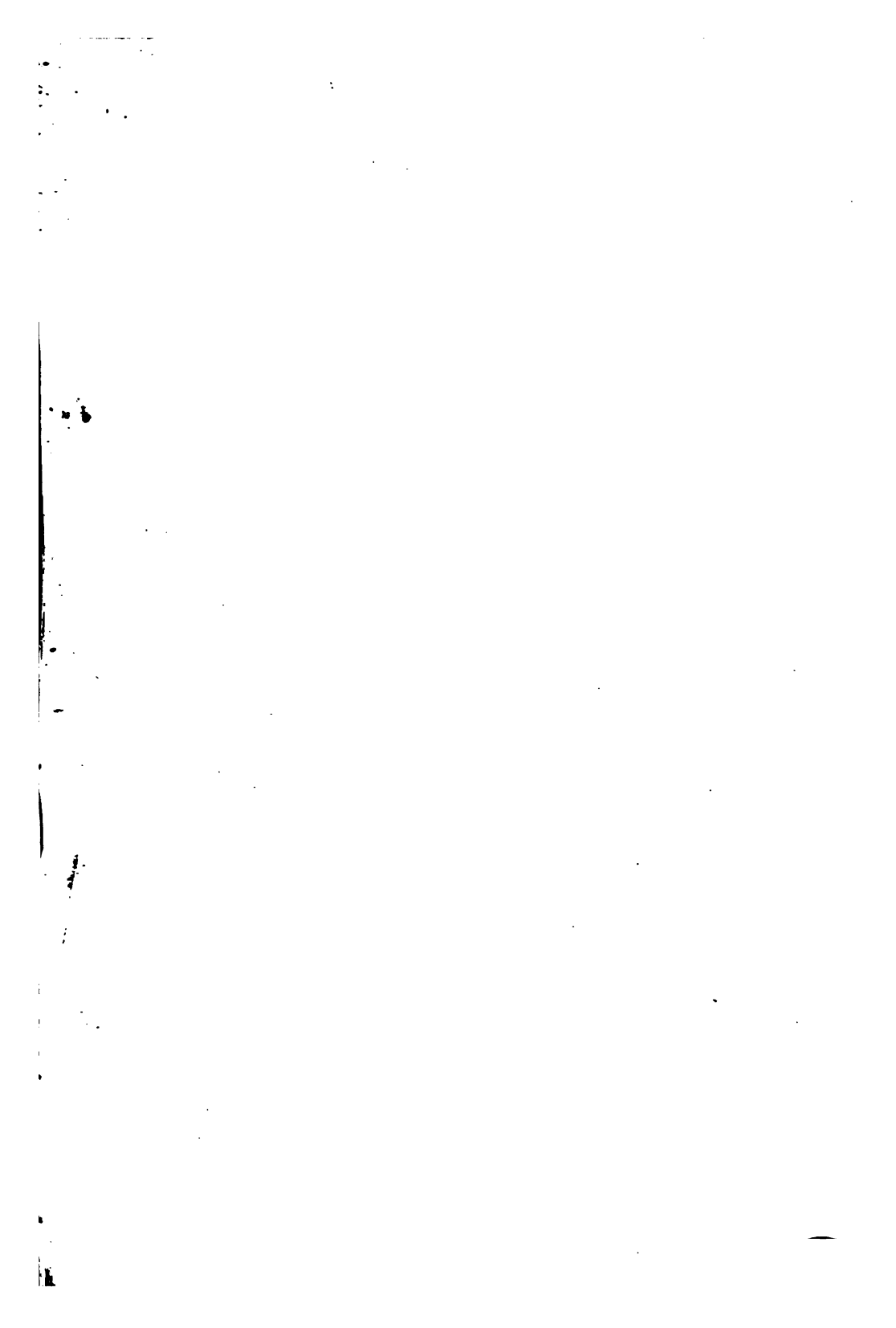
An additional motive that set my pen moving was to induce the young persons of our town to peruse larger works on similar subjects, and to stimulate the mind to further research into the early annals of Kingston-upon-Hull. I don't agree with the aphorism that "a great book is a great evil." It is, at least, a great necessity, if even required only for reference. "It is one of







“ May each returning tide enlarge thy store,  
Thy shipping safe return, increased in worth :  
Place of my birth—renowned in ancient lore,  
Commercial lord ! emporium of the North ! ”





*The Effigie of the Right Worshippfull S<sup>r</sup> Iohn Hotham of  
Hotham Gouverner of Hull A member of the Hon<sup>le</sup>  
House of Commons*

SIR JOHN HOTHAM.  
(From an Ancient Engraving.)



## *The Siege of Hull.*

— 0 —

**I**T was during the recent Siege of Paris that my attention was drawn to the history of the Siege of Hull, and I determined upon collecting all the salient points in connection therewith, and placing them on paper—simply for the purpose of impressing them upon the minds of the young members of the *Hull Mechanics' Institution*. Since then (by request) it has been designed to publish them for public perusal; though I am not sanguine that the following pages will be found very interesting to general readers. It is somewhat remarkable that, although above 200 years have elapsed between the Sieges of Hull and Paris, the strategy resorted to by the Prussians very much resembled that of the Royalists when they were before Hull, save and except the engines of war being of a more formidable character.

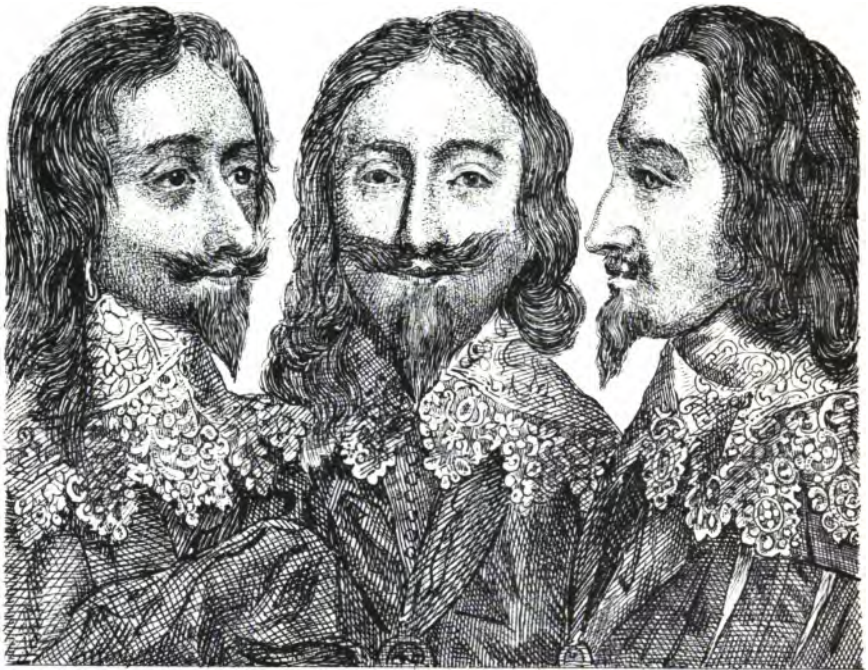
When first I read of the Prussians besieging the capital, I envied the French having so strongly fortified Paris, in order to protect the inhabitants; and thought, that if it should ever fall to our unfortunate lot to be invaded, what a calamity it would prove if we were not fortified as heretofore. However, it is thought by military authorities to be a mistake to build up bulwarks round a town or city: for at the period I am about to describe, the inhabitants of towns followed the example of feudal Barons, who garrisoned and armed their Castles to protect themselves, when the rights of society were

trampled under foot. Communities followed this example, and fortified the places where they resided; but in those days there were no Artillerists like unto ours of modern times; and, consequently, it is now thought far better that towns and cities should be left open, because of the death and destruction that are dealt out through the deadly fire of monster siege guns.

The besieged of Hull had no carrier pigeons for the conveyance of letters, but DE LA PRYME tells us, in the Diary of his life, (A.D. 1695,) that he was with an ingenious old man, who had been a great royalist in King Charles the First's days. "Amongst other very observable things that he had told me, and that we talked about (he continues) was, that they had a dog in their troop, that every night had letters put betwixt his neck and his collar, which was made large on purpose, and that he would have gone to any garrison or place they told him of within twenty miles round about." Talking of other ways of sending letters privately, he said they had but two more, and they were these: "the one was to make hollow the wooden heels of a pair of shoes, and by stuffing letters therein, and then letting the flap of the inner sole fall upon the covering, so put them on a beggar's feet, and send him where they pleased. The other way they had was to carry them in a hollow stick or crutch that beggars walk with." And here let me state, while alluding by way of preliminary to the past and the present, that the scene of that great historical struggle—the Siege of Hull—is now devoted to the peaceful spirit of commerce, and known as the Humber, Prince's, and Queen's Docks: they occupy the original site of the ancient fortifications of the town, and encircle it with water, where once stood its ancient walls. It is an old maxim, that *whatever* prevails at *sea*, will in the *end* prevail on *shore*. Possessing then, as this nation does, the most formidable fleet of war ships in the world, and all our ports filled with able and patriotic seamen—without vain boast, England, at the







## King Charles I.

*From a Picture by Old Stone, after Van Dyck, in the Collection of Sir Christ' Sykes Bart*



Charles R. 1<sup>st</sup> Year.

Carulus R. 4<sup>th</sup> Year.

Charles R. 20<sup>th</sup> Year.

*This Seal & Autographs from the Originals in the Possession of  
John Thane.*



present period, has no rival in the Empire of the Seas.

"Hence for many a fearless ago  
Has social quiet loved thy shore;  
Nor ever proud invaders rage  
Or sack'd thy towers or stain'd thy fields with gore."

I will now proceed to narrate a chapter from English history, when our town was besieged by a King and his army, and when our royal borough was surrounded with battlements similar to Paris in the present day; also to relate an account of the commencement of the first Siege of Hull: because, by so doing, it gives me the opportunity of introducing two eminent personages—Sir John Hotham, Governor of Hull, at the period mentioned, and his son. They will be the principal performers, and as I proceed, you will be the best judges whether they deserved the punishment of death which ended their cloudy careers. I shall simply quote history, which clearly shows that, although things looked very ominous in England at the critical period I am about to allude to, yet, through Sir John Hotham's indecision of character and conduct, he certainly was the primary cause of the commencement of the civil war that followed, and hastened the great rebellion which ultimately brought Charles to the scaffold. A word or two on the character of this King, to prepare my readers for what transpired between him and the Governor of Hull. Hume says, "he deserved the epithet of a good, rather than of a great man; and was more fitted to rule in a regularly established government than either to give way to the encroachments of a popular assembly or finally to subdue their pretensions." Unhappily, his fate threw him into a period when the precedents of many former reigns savoured strongly of arbitrary power, and the genius of the people ran violently towards liberty. Much excuse may be made for Charles's political prudence, exposed as he was to the assault of furious, implacable, and bigoted factions. In 1682, tumults were on the increase. England was then on the eve of revolution.

The cry incessantly resounded against "bishops and rotten-hearted lords;" and the former being distinguishable by their clerical dress, were exposed to the most dangerous insults, particularly about Westminster and Whitehall. The bishops drew up a protest, and presented it to the King, setting forth, that although they had an undoubted right to sit and vote in Parliament, yet, in coming thither, they had been menaced by the multitude, and could no longer with safety attend their duty in the House; they moreover protested against all laws, votes, and resolutions, as null and void, which should pass during the time of their constrained absence. This protest was thought to be ill-timed—it was signed by twelve bishops, and communicated to the King, who hastily approved of it. The Lords desired an interview with the Commons, and the opportunity was siezed with avidity and joy. An impeachment followed of high treason being sent up against the bishops, in endeavouring to subvert the laws, and to invalidate the authority of the legislature.

A few days afterwards, the King was betrayed into another indiscretion, much more fatal—an indiscretion to which all the ensuing disorders and civil wars may be immediately and directly ascribed. This was the impeachment of Lord Kimbolton and the five members. Charles, though normally moderate in temper, was a proud prince. The Commons instigated the populace to tumult and disorder; they knew if the King only remained tranquil, and cautiously eluded this first violence of the tempest, he would, in the end, prevail. They therefore resolved, if possible, to excite him to some violent passion, in the hope that he would commit indiscretions of which they might take advantage; and they succeeded. Charles became enraged to find his concessions but increased their demands. The Queen and the ladies of the Court further stimulated his passions, and represented that, if he exerted the vigour and displayed the majesty of the monarch, the daring usur-

pations of his subjects would shrink before him. Lord Digby suggested the like counsel. Charles, who was ever disposed to hasty resolutions, gave way to the fatal importunities of his friends. Mr. Herbert, the Attorney-General, appeared in the Upper House and in his Majesty's name entered an accusation of high treason against Lord Kimbolton and five Commoners, named Hollis, Sir Arthur Haslerig, Hampden, Pym, and Strode. The whole world stood amazed ; for these five members, (at least Pym, Hampden, and Hollis,) were the very head of the popular party. Men had no leisure to wonder at this indiscretion—others followed still more imprudent. A Sergeant-at-Arms went immediately in the King's name, demanded of the House these five members, but he was sent back without any positive answer. Messengers were then employed to search for them : the King went the next day in person—irritated with the opposition—with the intention of demanding the individuals whom he had accused. It coming to the ears of the Countess of Carlisle, she privately sent intelligence to the five members, who had time to withdraw, a moment before the King entered. His Majesty was accompanied by his ordinary retinue, but left them at the door of the Commons, and he himself advanced alone through the hall, while all the members rose to receive him. The speaker withdrew from the chair, when the King took possession of it, and in an indignant speech demanded the men ; and he also took the opportunity, in concluding his remarks, of saying—"I see I cannot do what I came for : I think this is no unfit occasion to repeat what I have said formerly—that whatever I have done in favour, and to the good of my subjects, I do intend to maintain." Charles looked around for the accused members, but, not finding them, he asked the speaker whether any of them were present ? The speaker fell on his knees, and said, that he had "neither eyes to see, nor tongue to speak in that place,

but as the House was pleased to direct him." The Commons were in the utmost disorder. That evening the accused members removed into the city, and the citizens were the whole night in arms. Next morning, the King sent to the Lord Mayor, ordering him to call a Common Council immediately, and about 10 o'clock, he himself, attended only by three or four lords, went to the Guildhall. He told the Council that he was sorry to hear of the apprehension entertained of him; he had accused certain persons of high treason, against whom he would proceed in a legal way, and he presumed that they would not give them any protection in the city. After other gracious expressions, he departed without receiving the applause he expected. In passing through the streets, the cry of "Privilege of Parliament," resounded in all quarters; and also the words "To your tents, O Israel!"—the exclamation of the Israelites when they abandoned Rehoboam their Sovereign. The King, apprehensive of danger, left London. The accused members were taken daily to the House, accompanied by a tumultuous procession; and when the populace passed Whitehall they still asked with shouts "What has become of the King and his Cavaliers?" and "Whither are they fled?"

Charles—overwhelmed with grief, shame, and remorse, and for whose ruin friends and enemies seemed equally to conspire, left London. The Queen, being secretly threatened with an impeachment, was preparing to retire into Holland. Bills sent up to the Commons, which had hitherto stopped with the Peers, and would certainly have been rejected, were passed, and presented for the Royal assent: amongst which, was the bill against the votes of the Bishops in Parliament. Charles gave his assent in the hope of appeasing, for a time, the rage of the multitude; but these concessions, however important, had no effect. They were made the foundation of demands still more extensive, and they also carried up an impeachment against the

Attorney-General for obeying his master's commands in accusing their members.

A large magazine of arms was kept in Hull, and amidst the commotion, the Commons dispatched thither Sir John Hotham, giving him the authority of Governor. This magazine was the old Manor Hall, formerly the Palace of Michael De la Pole, and was situated nearly opposite the Lowgate Church. In it were deposited enormous quantities of ammunition, arms, and strong head-pieces, corslets, muskets, carriages, &c., originally purchased by the Royalists in 1639, and forwarded to Hull.

In this famous Parliament, which subsequently contended with Charles for sovereign power, sat Sir John Hotham, Knight, who represented Beverley; young Hotham, as M.P. for Scarborough; and Sir John Lister, who, as Mayor of Hull, entertained the same King, at a previous period, at his house in the High-street; he was also member for Hull in the long Parliament. It was about 1635, however, that Sir John Hotham's sun began to shine, and he became very popular. He had been Sheriff of the County, and very active and vigorous in collecting "ship money," an objectionable tax; yet, from the tenor of his subsequent conduct, he was not apparently actuated by any wish to promote the interest of King Charles. He insinuated himself so far into the favour of the people that he was elected a member of the House of Commons. We shall watch his conduct until we attend him and his son on the scaffold at Tower Hill.

But let us in the meantime follow the footsteps of the runaway King. It appears that Charles resolved to remove farther from London, and the next news informs us that he had arrived at York, taking with him the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. The King here found marks of attachment beyond what he expected: from all quarters of England the Nobility and Gentry, personally or otherwise, expressed their duty

towards him. They seemed to think one rash and passionate act on his part ought not to have brought on such violence to him and every branch of the legislature; and, however sweet the sound of liberty might be, they resolved to adhere to that moderate freedom transmitted from their ancestors rather than engage in the search after more independence. Charles, thus finding himself supported by a considerable party in the kingdom, began to speak in firmer tones. He issued proclamations; the people's imaginations became excited with a continued dread of Catholicism, with a horror against prelacy, with an antipathy to ceremonies and the liturgy, and with a violent affection for whatever was most opposite to these objects of aversion; the fanatical spirit once let loose, confounded all regard to ease, safety, interest, and dissolved every civil obligation. Each party was desirous to throw on its antagonists the odium of commencing a civil war.

Sir John Hotham, the newly appointed Governor, though he had accepted a commission from Parliament, was not thought to be much disaffected to the Church and Monarchy. Charles, therefore, entertained hopes that, if he presented himself at Hull before the commencement of hostilities, Hotham, overawed by his presence, would admit him with his retinue. This town, being at that period, one of the best fortified in the kingdom, and the magazine then containing the arms of all the forces levied against the Scots, after gaining admittance, Charles thought he could easily render himself master of the place.

We will now see what was being done in our own "Royal Town." The King, as well as Parliament, knew whichever should be so fortunate as to gain possession of Hull, would have a decided superiority, at least in the outset of the contest. Its vast magazine far exceeded the collection of war-like stores in the Tower of London; indeed Hull was the best furnished arsenal in England. Parliament being apprehensive of

the King's intention of securing Hull, letters were written—one came from Sir Henry Vane, (Sir John Lister's colleague,) in consequence of which, the Corporation became much alarmed; a Hall was summoned, and the town put into a state of defence. The bulwarks were strongly faced with brick; port-holes were made towards the Harbour and Humber; arms, ammunition, and artillery were taken out of the magazine; the inhabitants armed, and guards set to watch night and day. It is certain the King intended to become master of Hull, so that he might have a place to resort to; on the other hand, the Parliamentarians were determined, if possible, to anticipate Charles's intentions, and nothing tends to convince us more of the great importance of this town at that period than the subtlety and contrivance made use of to obtain possession of it.

The United Kingdom became divided into two great bodies—the "Roundheads" and the "Cavaliers," according as they avowed their attachments to the new principles of freedom or to the interests of Monarchy. The origin of the former term is thus explained by Mrs. Hutchinson, in her memoirs of her husband:—She says, "when Puritanism grew into a faction, and the zealots distinguished themselves, both men and women, by several affectations of habit, looks, and words—which, had it been a real declension of vanity, and embracing of sobriety in all those things, had been most commendable in them; but their quick forsaking of those things when they were where they would be, showed that they either never took them up for conscience or were corrupted by their prosperity to take up those vain things which they durst not practice under persecution. Among other affected habits, few of the Puritans, what degree soever they were of, wore their hair long enough to cover their ears, and the ministers and many others cut it close round their heads, with so many little peaks, as was something ridiculous to behold; whereupon Cleveland, in his hue and cry after them, begins—

‘with hair in character and luggs in text,’ &c. ; from this custom of wearing their hair, that name of ‘Roundhead’ became the scornful term given to the whole Parliament party, whose army, indeed, marched out so ; but as if they had been sent out only until their hair was grown ; two or three years after, any stranger that had seen them would have inquired the reason of that name. The Godly party of those days—when he, (Mr. Hutchinson,) joined them, would not allow him to be religious because his hair was not in their cut, nor his words in their phrase ; nor such little formalities altogether fitted to their humour, who were many of them so weak as to esteem men rather for such insignificant circumstances than for solid piety, wisdom and courage.”

On both sides we see many things worthy of admiration—on the one hand, a brave and intelligent people were about to take the field in the cause of liberty ; and on the other, a generous nobility, supported by the great body of the minor Barons of the kingdom, present themselves in the attitude of defending their Sovereign against the fury of democratical ambition, which threatened and ultimately succeeded in treading the Crown and sceptre in the dust, and soon the most virtuous nation in Europe was plunged into the miseries of a civil war. The war of the Pen, in all the large towns, preceded the war of the Sword. Letters were written by the Parliament to most of the Corporations, and one of them came to Hull. A second alarm was given by more letters being written to the same purport, namely, that they were about to be invaded. The Corporation appointed 24 of the chief residents to sit from time to time, with the Mayor and Aldermen, to assist them with their counsel for the peace and safety of the town. Historians say that, had Charles made himself master of Hull, he would in all probability have subdued the Parliament.

A message was forwarded to the Lords by the Commons, stating that “there was a magazine with



arms and ammunition for 16,000 men in Hull, that the town was weakly garrisoned, and that the adjacent county was full of disaffected persons. They desired that some of the trained bands of Yorkshire should be put into Hull under Sir John Hotham, with orders not to deliver up the town or magazine without the King's authority signified *by both Houses*." To this message the Lords consented. Young Hotham was sent immediately to Hull to execute this order, until his father could be ready to take the government upon himself. Sir John followed a few weeks after his son. When the Governor elect arrived before the town, he sent a trumpeter and demanded admittance for himself and his forces, which numbered 800 of the militia. The Mayor ordered the bridges to be drawn up—shut the gates—charged the cannon—and summoned the inhabitants to his assistance. The Mayor in answer to Sir John's application answered, "that he was resolved to be true to his trust, and that, if Sir John did not move further off, he would be treated as an enemy"; whereupon he retired and dispatched an express to Parliament, and on its being read to the House, an order was speedily made to receive Sir John, and resign the government to him, or they should be deemed guilty of treason. On receipt of this message, a Hall was summoned, when it was resolved to obey the order; accordingly, Sir John Hotham and his forces were admitted without further delay.

Thus was Hull lost to Charles, it being the first town the Parliament had recovered, with the first forces which were openly employed against the stronghold of the kingdom. The town was of such importance then, that it gave a great superiority to that party into whose hands it should first fall. Soon after, the King wrote to the Corporation desiring them to receive the Earl of Newcastle, as Governor, to keep it in their own hands, and under the government of the Mayor, as usual. As will be seen, it was too late. More troops were forwarded, and all communications with the Royalists were entirely cut off.

On the 22nd of April, 1642, the King, who was at York, sent the Duke of York, his second son, (afterwards James the 2nd,) to Hull, with the young elector Palatine, Lords Newport and Willoughby, Sir Thomas Glenham, and others. They entered the town on market-day with the country people, unknown to the magistrates; but on making themselves known, they were entertained by the Mayor, in company with the Governor, and the next day they dined with Sir John Hotham. The King on that morning set out from York, and rode on towards Hull with a train of 300 persons. Just before the Governor sat down to dinner, the entertainment was interrupted by the arrival of Sir Lewis Dives, who was the bearer of a message to the Governor, which was brief and in the following words: "That His Majesty designed to dine with him that day." Sir Lewis also notified to the select company assembled that the King was only four miles off. Sir John became so startled with the news that he immediately left the table, went into his private room, and sent for Alderman Pelham, who had been elected a Member of Parliament for Hull, in the room of Sir John Lister (deceased). The interview resulted in the determination that the King should not be admitted, and accordingly, a messenger was sent to His Majesty, "humbly beseeching him to forbear coming, forasmuch as Sir John could not, without betraying the trust committed to him, set open the gates to so great a company as he came attended withal." The King was shocked at this message; nevertheless he proceeded on his road to the town. He forwarded a messenger with the news of his approach, upon which, Sir John Hotham ordered the bridges to be drawn up, and the gates to be shut; the guns were loaded, the soldiers drawn out and stood to their arms behind the walls; the inhabitants were confined to their houses until sunset, and all persons were forbidden, on pain of death, to go out into the streets. By these precautions the Parliamentary party

entirely defeated the supposed projects of the Duke of York, who was doubtless sent to incite rebellion among the inhabitants, in case his father was denied entrance.

About eleven o'clock, King Charles appeared at Beverley gate, and seeing the bridge drawn up and the hostile appearance which the walls exhibited, he summoned Sir John, and on his appearance, demanded admittance. The answer of Hotham—and indeed the whole conference—is slightly varied by historians, therefore, I will give the several words put into his mouth by those who have related this extraordinary historical interview between a King of England demanding entrance to our town, and a Governor denying him admission, under the singular pretence of a great regard for the honour of his Sovereign, against whom at the time he was in actual rebellion. But before so doing, it would be as well, at this particular juncture, to describe briefly the frowning fortifications that surrounded the town at the time we are alluding to.

We are all familiar with the various ancient plans of Hull; and if there are any who are not, they will find them all collected in one volume, in the last edition of Mr. Sheahan's "History of Hull;" but in the plan of Hull, A.D. 1640, we get a capital view of the town as it appeared at the very period I am describing—namely, just before the civil war. Every building is distinctly and accurately delineated, including the Churches, the Magazine, Castle and Block-houses. There was a wide and deep moat in front of the walls, on the north and west sides of the town, which was connected with the rivers Hull and Humber; so that the town was surrounded by water as at present. The entrances to the town at that time were by five massive gateways, namely:—Hessle, Myton, Beverley, Low, and North Gates, and two Sally-ports. The distances from each gate were nearly equal. The whole fortified walls were 2,610 yards in circuit, or a few yards less

than a mile-and-a-half. In front of the principal gates were drawbridges, and half moon-shaped batteries were thrown up before them, during the civil war which soon followed the siege of Hull. Hessle Gate stood at the west end of Humber-street, and consisted of a tower with gate-way and barbican; Myton Gate was at the end of the street bearing that name; Beverley Gate—where we left Charles—was at the end of Whitefriargate, surmounted by a tower and spire; the Low Gate was at the end of that thoroughfare, and a little to the westward was a half-moon battery; and the North Gate was at the end of High-street, close to the Dock Office. One of the Sally-ports, or Posterns, was at the end of Posterngate. The fortifications were continued from Hessle Gate to the South-end, near the Watch-house. At that time there were neither Wellington nor Nelson-Streets; the foreshore being in Humber-Street. One of the towers, which would be situated near the site of the Theatre Royal, was known as the “Cold and Uncud,” or uncouth, and was used as a prison.

We will now cross over the North-bridge and examine the east side of the town. The first object worthy of notice, was the North Block-house. King Henry VIII, when visiting Hull in 1540, found that portion of the town defenceless, and accordingly ordered two Block-houses to be built, and a Castle to be erected, with a strict injunction that they should be made “mighty strong.” The walls were immensely thick, and all must have a vivid recollection of how great a difficulty it was to demolish them when the Garrison was dismantled. Six hundred yards from the Block-house stood the Castle; and about four hundred yards further was the South Block-house. The whole three were joined by a strong wall—there being no Citadel until 1681, when Charles II. constructed the Garrison.

Want of space will not permit of my describing the interior of the Castle and Block-houses; but all

must agree that before the walls began to decay—through more peaceful times following after the reign of the Second Charles—Hull, with its high raised battlements,—thick walls, with “spire and turret crowned,” was a prize worth struggling for between the Crown and the Parliament; and however we may smile at old historians when they described it as being the “Royal and beautiful town of Kingston-upon-Hull,” it must have been most imposing, compared with what it is in our present peaceful times. And now, having given a description of the town’s appearance in 1642, we will return to Beverley Gate, where we left the King, attended by “starred and spangled” Cavaliers. For a moment they all seem to live again; we stand on the battlements—we seem to witness the colloquy; the fortalice and the ramparts ring with the clang and din of arms. Outside the gate was the comely presence of the King, with “his usual melancholy aspect.” It is said, “his face was regular, handsome, and well-complexioned,”—he excelled in horsemanship, and was surrounded by 300 noble and chivalrous followers, the turf heaving beneath the feet of their horses. Among those present, on a beautiful charger, was Bertie, Duke of Ancaster and Earl of Lindsey, who was subsequently mortally wounded at the battle of Edgehill; the Marquis of Northampton, who was afterwards sent to the relief of Stafford, and, having accomplished that object, engaged, with 1,000 men, more than 2,000 of the enemy in the battle of Hopton Heath, March 19, 1644, and was killed; the Earl of Derby who distinguished himself by his loyal attachment to King Charles, and who, in the county of Lancaster, August 26, 1651, with 600 horse, maintained a fight against 2,000 horse and foot of the enemy, but was subsequently taken prisoner at the battle of Winchester, September 3, 1651, and beheaded at Bolton, October 15, in the same year; Thomas, Lord Arundel, who was killed in the battle of Lansdown, July 5, 1643; the Earl

of Montrose, who was executed May 21, 1650; the Duke of Kingston, who was afterwards killed in an open boat on the river Trent, being at the time a prisoner, on his way to Hull; Prince Rupert; the Earl of Worcester; the Marquis of Winchester; Earl of Chesterfield; Earl of Lichfield; Lord Wentworth (afterwards created Earl of Cleveland); and Viscount Fauconberg, who was the Commander-in-Chief at the battle of Selby.

No wonder that when Sir John Hotham came face to face with the King, he betrayed the utmost confusion and irresolution. The King demanded admittance. Sir John, evidently much embarrassed, and with distracted looks, spoke confusedly. It is said he was very haughty to his inferiors, and was not endowed with a presence of mind which enables men to act on any sudden emergency. He was master of a fine landed estate, very rich, of an ancient family, and well allied. He was a man of peace, and it is thought that his refusal to admit the King might be the means of preventing a rupture between the Crown and people. When the King demanded admission, Sir John said "he durst not open the gate, being entrusted by the Parliament," to which the King replied, "he believed he had no order to act in that manner." Hotham rejoined, "that the King's train was so great, that if it were admitted, he should not be able to give an account of the town;" whereupon the King offered to enter with twenty horsemen only. Sir John again refused. The King then desired Sir John to come out to him, so that he might hold a conference with him, and gave his royal word for his safe return. Sir John begged to be excused. Charles then became indignant, and told him "that as this action was altogether unparalleled, so it would produce some notable effect; that it was not possible for him to sit down with such an indignity, but that he would proclaim him a traitor, and proceed against him as such; that his disobedience

would probably bring many miseries on the kingdom, and loss of much blood, all of which might be prevented if he performed the duty of a subject, and therefore advised him to think sadly of it, and to prevent the necessary growth of so many calamities, which must lie all upon his conscience." Sir John, with distracted looks, conversed very confusedly of the trust he had from Parliament, and falling on his knees, wished "That God would bring confusion upon him and his, if he was not a loyal and faithful subject to his majesty, but in conclusion he declined to suffer his majesty to come into the town." The King then called for the Mayor, Mr. Thomas Raikes, and demanded admission from him. The Mayor also fell on his knees, began shedding tears and answered "That he could do no more, protesting he would let him in if it was in his power, but that he could not do it, there being a guard over him, the inhabitants, and the gates, which were held by the soldiers ready armed, with orders to put any one to death, who should attempt to open them." About one o'clock a private consultation took place between Sir John Hotham and the officers, with the Duke of York and party who was inside the town, which ended in their being allowed to go out to the King, with whom they had a long conference. At five o'clock in the evening the King again commanded the Governor to open the gates, giving him one hour to consider of it. Sir John still persisted in his refusal. Charles then and there proclaimed him a traitor, by two heralds, commanding the Corporation to reject his jurisdiction as the Governor; and, drawing close up to the walls, ordered the soldiers to throw the traitor over into the moat. No notice was taken, and Sir John losing his temper at these remarks, used some expressions of disloyalty and contempt. The King then withdrew and went to Beverley; but the next day he sent a herald to Hull to summon him for the last time to open the gates, with offer of pardon for all the

past disloyalty. It was of no avail, and Charles therefore returned to York.

Now, it seems very strange that the King should not have provided himself with materials of war to accomplish his object of taking Hull, because it was well known when he left London that that was his intention. It seems he flattered himself that he had no more to do than to appear at the gates of Hull, and that "if he knocked it would be opened unto him." He may have forgotten that the town was in the hands of persons who had become disaffected, through his endeavour to trample on the laws, and by his refusing to make timely constitutional concessions, they had lost reverence for royal dignity. Sir John Hotham was bound to carry out the order of Parliament, he himself being a member of the House of Commons; and they had chosen him for the government of Hull because they believed he would be true to his trust. This refusal to admit the King into Hull seriously damaged the little remaining prestige he possessed. In vain Charles tried to varnish this rebuff by saying he had no other design than to visit Hull and examine the magazine. Discomfited in his views, and highly indignant at the insult he had received, he thereupon accused Sir John Hotham of high treason, and demanded of Parliament reparation for the affront. This gave rise to innumerable messages, declarations, answers and replies. I can only simply mention the purport of them:—The King cited the laws which committed to him the care and command of the forts and magazines, and he urged that they were his own property—particularly those of Hull—being purchased with his own cash, and which could not be withheld from him, without treating him worse than the lowest of his subjects. Parliament replied that they were intrusted to the care of the sovereign simply as a deposit for their preservation, and not to be used for the destruction of the people; therefore his claim was



groundless. Ultimately, Parliament vindicated Sir John Hotham's conduct at Beverley Gate, by passing a resolution which was sent to Hull by express—"That no forces should be admitted into Hull without the immediate consent of both Houses."

In the meantime, the nobility of the North expressed a high sense of their affection for the King, and offered to raise a force in the county to take Hull by an assault. The King in the meantime sent another message to Parliament, stating "That he was so much concerned in the undutiful affront which he had received from Sir John Hotham, before the Gates of Hull, that he was impatient till he received justice from them." The Parliament again avowed their approval of Sir John's transactions. Charles thereupon published a declaration respecting Hull, commencing by saying, that "Since our two gracious messages concerning Hull—to both Houses of Parliament—demanding justice for the high and unheard of affront, offered unto us at the Gates of Hull by Sir John Hotham, is not thought worthy of an answer, but instead thereof, they have thought fit, by their printed votes of the 28th of April last, to own and avow that unparalleled act of Sir John Hotham's, to be done in obedience to the command of both Houses of Parliament—by the defence of such proceedings, all private interest and title of our good subjects to their lands and goods are confounded and destroyed. And this we are sure is our case at Hull, and as it is ours to-day, by the same rule, it may be theirs to-morrow." Charles concluded this proclamation by quoting Pym's own words :—"If the prerogatives of the King overwhelm the liberty of the people, it will be turned to tyranny; if liberty undermine the prerogative, it will turn into anarchy and confusion."

The following is a copy of a letter of Henrietta Maria's, Queen of Charles the First, written soon after the unfortunate attempt upon Hull, in April 1642,

translated from the French. The original is in the British Museum without date. It is rare, and since I have not found it in any of our local histories, and as it relates to the subject I will quote it here. It is copied from "Seward's Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons," Vol. I., page 225:—

"As I was closing my letter Sir. L. Dives arrived, who has told me  
 "all that passed at Hull. Do not lose courage, and pursue the business  
 "with resolution, for you must now show that you will make good  
 "what you have undertaken. If the man who is in the place will not  
 "submit, you have already declared him a Traitor; you must have him  
 "alive or dead, for matters now begin to be very serious. You must  
 "declare yourself; you have shewn gentleness enough, you must now  
 "show your firmness. You see what has happened from not having  
 "followed your first resolution, when you declared the five members  
 "traitors; let that serve you for an example; dally no longer with  
 "consultations, but proceed to action. I heartily wished myself in the  
 "place of my son James, in Hull; I should have thrown that scoundrel  
 "Hotham over the walls, or he should have thrown me. I am in such  
 "haste to dispatch this bearer, that I can write to nobody else. Go  
 "boldly to work, as I see there is no hope of accommodation," &c., &c.

Subsequently the King made another attempt to secure Hull. There were only two methods left to become master of it—either by surprise or force. The latter was quite impracticable, having no artillery, arms, or ammunition. There was at that time a Mr. Beckwith living at Beverley, who had a son-in-law an officer in Hull, whom the King sent thither; but this plot failed, for the officer informed Sir John what his father-in-law requested. The Governor sent word to the King, "that he might save himself the trouble of carrying on the contrivance," and Beckwith therefore returned to the King. A messenger was sent from Parliament to seize him and bring him to London, but the King would not permit it.

His Majesty, suffering severely from disappointment, summoned the gentry of Yorkshire to appear on the 12th of May, 1642, on which day, in a speech, he recounted to them the treason of Sir John Hotham, countenanced by the Parliament; that he had reason to apprehend danger, and requested a guard for his person, and also desired their assistance. After some discussion the guard was raised, consisting of a troop

of horse and a regiment of foot, and the command was given to the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II. In the meantime the Queen, who was still in Holland, purchased arms and ammunition—having pledged the crown jewels for that purpose—and embarked them in the ship *Providence*. The cargo consisted of 200 barrels of powder, 3000 stand of arms, and 8 field-pieces. Notification was sent to the Admiral of the fleet in the Downs; three ships were sent in search of the vessel; they got sight of her near the coast and gave chase until she entered the Humber, intending to drive her into this port. Captain Strangham, of the *Providence*, ran her ashore in Kenningham Creek; the pursuing ships drew too much water to follow, and the stores were all safely landed.

Now the King resolved to have his revenge on Hull, and this was the first scene of action, which was soon followed by others in various parts of the kingdom. He summoned the train-bands to attend him at Beverley, whither he removed his court, bringing with him 3,000 foot and 1000 horsemen. A proclamation was issued throughout the whole county, that no one on pain of death should convey necessaries into the town; 200 men were set to work in cutting trenches to turn the fresh water into the Humber; and 200 horsemen were detached into Lincolnshire, to stop all provisions being brought in on that side. Two forts were ordered to be erected, one at Hessle Cliff, the other at Paull, and the Humber to be guarded; so that a complete blockade of the town was now established. While these operations were going on outside, Sir John Hotham was not looking on idle. He was making every precaution within. The walls were fortified, the outwork repaired, the ancient Charter House was blown up, all the houses situated in Myton, outside the town, were knocked down for fear the royalists should turn them into batteries, and every expedient prepared for defending Hull.

Sir John began to get alarmed when he heard that His Majesty intended to march up with his whole army to the walls of the town. He therefore dispatched three messengers, one after the other, imploring the King to desist from his purpose, not to turn his army against the town, for that it was his, and all therein his loyal and affectionate subjects. But Charles turned a deaf ear; he would no longer be tampered with; the messengers were detained as prisoners. Sir John then called a council of war; they determined to pull up the sluices—the banks of the Hull and the Humber were cut on both sides, and the land laid under water—the whole country was inundated and the damage done to the neighbouring villages was incredible; all the forage was swept away in this artificial inundation. In the morning Sir John sent to Parliament particulars of what he had done, desiring them to send him 500 men with provisions, stating that “though the highways were all flooded and impassable, yet the enemy could come to Hull on the banks of the Humber, Hull, or Derringham, where they could either make an assault or cannonade.” The Parliament then raised 2000 men whom they dispatched to Hull by sea. They also sent a declaration into the East Riding of Yorkshire, promising compensation for the damage done and condemning the proceedings of the King.

On the 10th of July, a vessel with recruits ran up the Humber, passed the fort at Paull safely, and landed in the harbour, to the great joy of the inhabitants. At this time firing was heard at a distance. It seems a Parliament man-of-war while scouring the Humber, had met with a large ship against Paull jetty, laden with cannon and ammunition, and on her refusing to strike, an engagement ensued, until she went to the bottom.

The Royalists, who had planted some guns before the walls, now began to play into Hull, and were answered by the cannon upon the fortifications. Sir

John was busy animating and inflaming the minds of the Parliamentarians, and circulating the report that it was intended to fire the town and put all the inhabitants to the sword, without respect to age, condition, or sex. The people were aroused—they became desperate; they made several sallies from the town, and many Royalists were destroyed. An engagement took place between the towns-people and Royalists at Anlaby, which, after a vigorous resistance, the Royalists were forced to evacuate. A magazine in a large barn belonging to Wm. Legard was blown up and the village plundered. The Royalists were commanded by the Earl of Newport, who was taken off his horse by a cannon ball and thrown into a ditch, where he was discovered insensible.

King Charles addressed the neighbouring country in several strong remonstrances, all trying to exculpate himself. He bitterly inveighed against Sir John Hotham, complaining of the indignity with which he had refused him entrance into Hull.

And now having described what was going on outside the walls of the beleaguered town, let us take a look inside and see what was being done there.

But I must first digress a little to give some corroborative evidence of what I have stated concerning the trial of Charles the First. I find that the first witness examined was one Wm. Cuthbert, of Patrington, Holderness. He said, "that in July 1642, he lived at Hull Bridge, near Beverley. He did then hear that forces were raised for the King's guard, under Sir Robert Strickland, and that about the 2nd of July 1642, he saw a troop of horse come to Beverley, about Four or Five o'clock in the afternoon, called the Prince's Troop, Mr. J. Nelthorp being the Major, and that he saw, that afternoon, the said troop march from Beverley into Holderness, where they received ammunition brought up by the river Humber; and the same night, there came about 300 foot soldiers under the command

of Lieut. Col. Duncombe, called the King's Guard, unto the deponent's house, called Hull Bridge, about midnight, and broke open and possessed themselves of the said house, and that the Earl of Newport, the Earl of Carnarvon, and divers others, came that night thither, and that Sir Thos. Gower, then High Sheriff of the County, came thither and left a warrant for staying all provisions from going to Hull to Sir John Hotham, that he was by the said forces put out of his house, and did with his family go to Beverley; and on the Thursday following, he did see the King come to Beverley to the Lady Gee's House, where he did often see the King with Prince Charles and the Duke of York, and that the night after the said forces had possessed themselves of deponent's house, Colonel Legard's house was plundered by them. This was the first act of hostility that was committed in these parts, and the deponent produceth the original warrant, and is as followeth:—'It is his Majesty's command that you do not suffer any victuals or provisions, of what sort soever, to be carried into the Town of Hull, without his Majesty's special license first obtained. And of this you are not to fail at your peril. Dated at Beverley, July 3rd, 1642.'"

The evidence was directed at the single point of the military movements personally superintended and carried on by the King against the Parliamentary forces, and the bloodshed thereby occasioned. The first witness being from this part of the country, I thought, might prove interesting. We will now resume our narrative.

The King possessed a great confidant in the eminent George, Lord Digby, by whose advice he had been induced to do things which had materially tended to widen the breach between him and the Parliament. Lord Digby had been accused by the latter of high treason. He escaped to Holland, but, hearing of the King's critical condition in Yorkshire, he disguised himself, came over and conferred with the King in





LORD DIGBY.

*(From an Original Portrait.)*



secret. He stayed only one night, and re-embarked next morning in the same vessel that brought him to England. They had not been many hours at sea before they fell in with the *Providence* ship-of-war, coming to Hull with stores, to which I have already alluded, but just then the ship belonging to Parliament came up to them, and the vessel containing Digby was taken and brought into Hull. Digby being in disguise none knew him. He pretended to be a Frenchman, being able to speak the French language very fluently. During the return he pretended to be very sea-sick and kept in the hold of the vessel. There he destroyed his papers, and, feigning illness so cleverly, on his landing he was sent under a guard to a place of repose.

Lord Digby knew his dangerous position. He began to ruminate how he was to escape from his enemies, knowing he would not be much longer able to conceal himself. He was also aware that he was the worst hated man in the kingdom; consequently his life was in imminent danger. He had another difficulty to overcome in the enmity that Sir John entertained towards him. But Lord Digby was a man of great ability, and did not altogether despair.

At last he ventured to tell one of the guards in broken English that he desired to speak privately with the Governor, and could disclose some state secrets. The man went to Sir John and acquainted him with what he had stated. Lord Digby was brought before Sir John who was proficient in French. There was a very large company present. Digby made several statements, and, after a sifting examination, requested to have a private interview with the Governor. Sir John was rather nervous, because he knew that the Commons had not much confidence in him, and even his son, Captain Hotham, which is rather remarkable, was set as a spy over him. Therefore Hotham refused to trust himself in private. However, he drew

aside to a large window and told Digby to say what he pleased; Digby finding himself foiled in not obtaining a private audience, asked Sir John, in English, if he knew him. Sir John answered with astonishment that he did not. "Then," says he, "I will try whether I know Sir John Hotham, and whether he be the man of honour I have taken him to be," and thereupon told him who he was, adding that "he hoped he was too much of a gentleman to deliver him up a sacrifice to the vengeance of those whom, he new, were his implacable enemies." Sir John was filled with the utmost amazement at this discovery, and being apprehensive that the persons present would discover him, he told Digby "not to say one word more for the present; that he should not regret or be sorry for the trust he had reposed in him; that he should find him the same man he had thought him; that he would take an opportunity as soon as he conveniently could, to have further conversation with him; in the meantime, that it would be necessary he should take up with the accommodation he had for a time, as any amendment thereof might create suspicion; that Lord Digby would find that he was not what he seemed." Thereupon the guard was ordered to remove the prisoner away and keep strict watch over him. On his rejoining the company, Sir John told them that "the Frenchman was a shrewd fellow," and hoped in a few days to inform Parliament of much clear information. Shortly afterwards he made an excuse and departed to his chamber much dejected.

This serious breach of confidence was the first step towards Hotham's downfall. Here he had in his clutches the nobleman who had advised the King to impeach five members of the House of Commons; Digby himself had been impeached of high treason, and had to fly his country. A nobleman odious to the whole nation—a prisoner in the enemy's garrison; he was at the mercy of a man supposed to be devoted to

the Commons, and his particular enemy. But Digby flattered Sir John's vanity, and was, doubtless, the cause of his forgetting at the moment his important trust.

The next day the Governor sent again for Digby at an hour when he would not be noticed, and told him "That since he had frankly put himself in his hands, he would not betray him, and desired to know by what means he should set him at liberty ; that he would not trust any one with the secret, and least of all his own son," against whom, singular to say, he inveighed with great bitterness ; "that the parliament reposed more confidence in his son than himself, and he was only sent there to be a spy upon his father." He then lamented his own fate, "that he was not an extreme man, but well-affected to the King ; that he should now be looked upon as the chief cause of the civil war, which was likely to ensue, by refusing the King entrance into Hull ;" and concluded by stating "he had received information of the King's purpose to hang him ! That was the true cause of his acting in the manner he did."

Lord Digby taking advantage of his confession, and having secured his own safety, began to tamper with the Governor on behalf of his royal master, who at the time was carrying on military operations outside the town. Digby laid siege against Sir John, and commenced by planting the artillery of artfulness ; and, by his insinuating address, tried to tamper with the integrity of the Governor. He began by bewailing the calamity with which the nation was threatened, and pathetically lamented that a few bad men should be able to involve him, Sir John, and then followed with the alarming statement, "That the King in a short time would reduce all his enemies ; that his son-in-law, the Prince of Orange, was coming over at the head of a large army, and would take Hull in three days." The poor Governor became fearfully terrified. Of course there was no truth in this statement ; but it will

be perceived what impression this subtle address made on Hotham. He now began to cajole Sir John, by adding "That any person who could be the means of preventing such terrible confusion as now threatened the Kingdom, both the King and people would join in rewarding such a good work with preferments; that his name would be transmitted to posterity as the preserver of his country." Having enlarged on this subject, on seeing Sir John silent, he made an immediate application, telling him, as Nathan said unto David "Thou art the man," and "that by delivering up Hull to the King, he might extinguish the war." I need hardly add after several conversations and reflections, Hotham gave way to the false promises held out to him by Digby. All things were *adjusted*. Hotham's agreement being, in his own words, "It would not become him, after such a defiance as he had given, to surrender Hull into the King's hands, nor could he undertake to effect it, if he was willing so to do; the town itself was not well-disposed to the King's service; but that if the King would come before the town though with but a single regiment, plant his cannon against it, and make but one shot, he should think he had discharged his trust to the Parliament, so far as he ought to do, and that he would then immediately deliver up the town, which he made no doubt he should be able to do, and on this errand he was willing Lord Digby should go to York and have a safe conduct out of Hull beyond any danger."

Sir John kept his word, informing his officers of his intention to send the "supposed Frenchman to York, who, he was well assured, would return to Hull again." He gave Digby a note to a widow who lived in that city, at whose house he might lodge, and through whose hands he might send him any letters to Hull. Digby soon found himself at liberty and set out for York. Having had a private interview with the King, he returned again in his former disguise, keeping faith in his engagements with the Governor.

Immediately Digby left York, the King began his march with merely two or three regiments and a small train of artillery. The people were startled at Charles being so ill provided for such an undertaking. No one being in the secret respecting the arrangement that had been made between Digby and the Governor, except the King. Lord Lindsey was ordered to send forward some officers to reconnoitre the town, and to fix on some advantageous place where he might erect a battery. He expressed his annoyance at being appointed to that post without an army. He believed he was engaged in an enterprise which could not possibly succeed. Although Lindsey did not think that the trained bands belonging to the town would expose themselves to such an attack, he took a survey of the town by riding up to the gates and along the whole length of the walls. At first there was no show of hostility from the town. But in a day or two they observed the walls well manned, and presently they were fired upon.

In the meantime, Hotham was busy sounding some of the officers in whom he had most confidence in order to see if he could rely on their obedience ; but much to his disappointment he found them opposed to his purpose. It soon got bruited abroad of Sir John's intention, and he was suspected. His son was the first to be suspicious of him, and it seems, denounced all those who were disaffected to the government. Sir John became much disheartened, and Digby on his return was disappointed to find the Governor not so earnest in the Royal cause as when he left him. New officers and men were sent down to Hull by sea, from Boston, by order of Parliament. Sir John now began to repent of what he had done. Digby sent word to the King, informing his majesty of the change, but was not without hopes of restoring the Governor's former ardour ; on which the King deferred any actual attempt on Hull.

Subsequently Sir John relinquished his design of giving up Hull to the King, and dismissed Digby, repeating his professions of duty and loyalty to the King. There cannot be a doubt that the capture, concealment, and release of Digby and Col. Ashburnham, two such eminent royalists, increased the jealousy of the Parliament, and was the principal cause of his ultimately losing his head.

The King, much disappointed at this miscarriage, returned to York. He was charged with weakness by his court, and submitted to different imputations rather than divulge what he thought the treachery of Hotham, which had instigated him to this fruitless expedition against the town of Hull.

Soon after the blockade was given up, (and that would be about the end of July, 1642.) Capt. Hotham was detached by his father with a strong party to ravage the country and harass the royalists. He at last was met on the wolds by Sir Thomas Glenham, who defeated him and cut off most of his detachments. Capt. Hotham then retreated to Hull. The war was by this time becoming general. Orders arrived commanding Governor Hotham to sally out of the town and harass the royalists as much as possible; in pursuance of which, the two Hothams made terrible devastations in Yorkshire, burning, plundering, and destroying all before them. Though the royalists had been foiled in every attempt on Hull by arms or negotiation, a circumstance arose at this time which gave them some hope of better success, and again they set to work to corrupt Sir John.

Parliament finding it necessary to have a commander-in-chief in the North, sent a commission to Lord Fairfax to command all their forces in Yorkshire. The appointment of Fairfax to the lieutenancy of the North gave umbrage to both Sir John and his son. They took resentment against the Parliament, and strengthened their respect for Charles. Sir John

was much annoyed, considering the eminent services he had rendered the Parliamentarians in retaining Hull for them, and having run the risk of the King's resentment. It was no wonder that the Governor became disgusted at Fairfax being elevated to that high position. Although the King was much exasperated with Hotham's conduct towards him before the gates of Hull, a coalition was brought about through the circumstances just mentioned.

A treaty was again set on foot to deliver up Hull to Charles through Sir John's resentment and thirst for revenge. Very singularly, at the same time, Captain Hotham turned stubborn and would not receive orders from Lord Fairfax. He became involved in his father's feelings and adopted all his sentiments of disgust to the Parliament, and at least apparently showed affection for the King. Sir John put himself in communication with the Earl of Newcastle. Many letters secretly passed on both sides; the Earl representing on the part of the King how seriously he had been injured by the denial Sir John had given him when he demanded entrance into Hull, and that the miseries of a civil war were to be attributed to that circumstance; still it was in Sir John's power to quench the flames then raging in the Kingdom; he might render the King and the nation happy; he might obtain his own pardon; he would by delivering up the town aggrandize himself, so as to become one of the first men of the nation.

In the month of February, 1643, the Queen arrived at Burlington Quay with troops. The second day, her landing became known to the Parliament Admiral of the fleet, who, finding she lodged on the Quay, brought his ships near. Early in the morning he discharged an immense quantity of bar shot, for the space of four hours, on the house where she was. Some of them passed through her chamber, obliged her to rise from her bed and take shelter behind a bank in the open field.

In confirmation of what I have written, Her Majesty shall speak for herself in the following copy of an original Letter :—

“BURLINGTON, this 15-25 February, 1643.

My Dear Heart,

“As soon as I landed in England I sent Progers to you, but having learnt to-day that he was taken by the enemy, I send you again this man to give you an account of my arrival. Thanks to God; for just as stormy as the sea was the first time I set sail, just so calamitous was it this time until within 15 hours of Newcastle; and on the coast when the wind changed to the North-west, which forced us to make for Burlington Bay, and after two hours waiting at sea your cavalry arrived, and I landed instantly, and the next day the rest of the army came to join me.

“God who took care of me at sea, was pleased to continue his protection by land; for that night four of the Parliament ships arrived at Burlington without our knowledge, and in the morning, about four o'clock, the alarm was given that we should send down to the harbour to secure our ammunition boats, which had not been able to be unloaded; but about an hour after, these four ships began to fire so briskly that we were obliged to rise in haste, and leave the village to them—at least the women, for the soldiers resolutely to defend the ammunition. In case of descent I must act the Captain, though a little low in stature myself.

“One of these ships had done me the favour to flank my house, which fronted the pier, and before I could get out of bed, the balls were whistling about in such style that you may easily believe I loved not such music. Everybody came to force me to go out, the balls beating so on all the houses, that dressed just as it happened, I went on foot to some distance from the village to the shelter of a ditch, like those at New Market; but before we could reach it the balls were singing round us in fine style, and a sergeant was killed twenty paces from me. We placed ourselves then under shelter, during two hours that they were firing upon us, and the balls passing always over our heads, and sometimes covering us with dust. At last the Admiral of Holland sent to tell them that if they did not cease, he would fire upon them as enemies. This was done a little late, but he excuses himself on account of a fog which he says there was. On this they stopped and the tide went down so that there was not water enough for them to stay where they were.

“As soon as they were retired, I ventured to my house, and choosing that they should have the vanity to say that they had made me quit the village. At noon I set out again to come to the town of Burlington, as I had previously resolved. All to-day, they have unloaded our ammunition in face of the enemy.

“I am told that one of the Captains of the Parliament ships had been beforehand to reconnoitre where my lodging was, as I assure you it was well marked, for they always shot upon it. I may truly say that by sea and by land, I have been in some danger, but God by his favour has saved me, and I have such confidence in His goodness as to believe that He will not leave me in other things, since in this He has protected me; and I protest to you, that in His confidence, I should dare go to the very cannon's mouth, only that we should not tempt Him. This bearer is witness of all that has passed; nevertheless I





HENRIETTA, QUEEN OF CHARLES I.

*(From a scarce and original Portrait.)*



"would not refrain from giving you a relation. It is very exact, and  
 "after this, I am going to eat a little, having taken nothing to-day but  
 "three eggs, and slept very little.

"Adieu, my dear heart.

"As soon as I have arrived at York I will send to you to ascertain  
 "how I can come and join you; but I beg you not to take any resolu-  
 "tion until you have tidings from me."

Gent's. Mag. Vol. xliv. p. 363 and the Queen's proceedings in York-  
 shire to London in 1643.

Sir John hearing of the Queen's arrival, sent his son to her in order to treat with her for the surrender of the town, and to know what terms they could obtain.

Captain Hotham having been admitted into her presence, kissed her hand, and afterwards had a private interview with the Earl of Newcastle, during which they settled the matter to the mutual satisfaction of both parties. The Queen soon after sent the Lady Bland to Hull, to confer with Sir John, who assented to everything she advanced, signed the terms, and gave her letters to her Majesty. The Queen's emissary returned to her Majesty at York on the 6th of June. She sent Lord Digby again to Hull with letters to Sir John. Digby pointed out to Sir John his particular and personal danger, producing intercepted letters of Fairfax, wherein was shewn a plan for Sir John's destruction. Sir John after reading them swore he would be revenged, and then and there entered into a treaty to deliver up the town on the 28th of August following. But Parliament was made cognizant of these proceedings, and in order to ascertain the nature of the designs hatching in Hull, they employed a Mr. Saltmarsh, cousin of the Governor. Saltmarsh wheedled out the whole plot; at the same time swearing by his salvation to further the attempt, and never to reveal it. Being now master of every particular, he dispatched a messenger to the Parliament, which rewarded him with £2,000.

The Queen was now at Newark, and wrote to the King, saying "that she stayed there only until she had secured Hull." The Governor was entirely ignorant

of the treachery of his cousin, and was soon trapped by Parliament. He received an order to send his son with troops to Nottingham, to join Oliver Cromwell, then only a Colonel. Immediately on his arrival he was committed a prisoner to the Castle. Captain Hotham dispatched a messenger to the Queen at Newark, with orders to tell her "that he was a prisoner and soon to be sent to the Parliament; that she was to send troops to rescue him, for which he promised to surrender Hull, Beverley, and Lincoln." The messenger, having arrived at Newark, delivered his message to the Queen, who, being suspicious, expressed her doubt of his being the Captain's messenger, "and demanded some proof of his enjoying his master's confidence." The man, who was named John Kay, an old confidential servant, said he was the person that had delivered a letter to her, from Sir John when she was at Burlington. She then promised to do her utmost to release him. Soon afterwards Captain Hotham found means to escape, and he proceeded to Hull by way of Hessle. Sir John feeling indignant at the treatment his son had received, called a council of war, when it was unanimously agreed that a complaint should be made to Parliament against Oliver Cromwell for the false accusation and imprisonment of Captain Hotham. A long letter was sent, denying any treachery on the part of the Governor or his son. It was signed by Sir Edward Rhodes, Sir Thomas Binnington, Captain Wm. Hotham, Captain Anlaby, Robert Legard, (senior), Captain Overton, Captain Legard, Captain Bishop, and Major Gooderick. Notwithstanding this, the Commons were so well convinced of the truth of the information they had received, that they made no answer to this remonstrance, but sent orders to Captain Meyer, of the "Hercules" man-of-war lying in the Harbour, and to Sir Matthew Boynton Sir John Hotham's brother-in-law, to consult with the Mayor, Mr. Thomas Raikes, to seize the Governor and

his son, Sir John Rhodes and their adherents, and send them up prisoners to London.

Previous to putting their orders into execution, a report was circulated in the town, tending to fill the inhabitants with apprehension against the Governor, namely, that he intended to burn and plunder the town in conjunction with the royalists. The Corporation met to consult by what means they should effect the capture of the Governor and his son, and executed their purpose in the following manner :—Capt. Meyer or Moyer sent 100 men, well armed, from his ship to the Garrison-side before daylight to surprize the Castle and Block-houses. They secured Captain Hotham, and placed a guard on the Governor's house, and remained quiet until daylight, when they sent a party to take Sir John Hotham, who, having received timely notice, found an opportunity to escape by a back way, attended by six of his body guards, and, meeting a man on horseback in the town, he ordered him to dismount, took his horse, and passed through the guard at Beverley Gate, where no orders had reached to stop him.

On hearing of his escape, his pursuers, having provided horses, soon followed him. They overtook the guard first, and made them prisoners. They also elicited that Sir John was making all haste to his house at Scorsborough, near Beverley, which was fortified with men and cannon. When they arrived at Beverley Road, his pursuers learned that he had quitted the regular route, and proceeded towards Sculcoates and thence to Stoneferry, where he hoped to be able to cross the river Hull; but there being no boats about, and the tide being too rapid to swim across with his horse, he proceeded to Wawne Ferry, where he met with the same obstacle. He was therefore obliged to pursue the only road left open to him, and rode on to Beverley, hoping the news had not preceeded him.

Unfortunately he was mistaken, orders having reached Colonel Boynton to seize him if he passed that way. Sir John dashed into the town, but found 800 men in arms waiting to receive him. When he came up to them, he ordered them to follow him, which they did, not knowing what had happened in Hull, but on proceeding a little further up the town, he was met by the Colonel, who taking hold of his horse's bridle, said "Sir John you are my prisoner, and although I revere you as my relative, I am obliged with reluctance to waive all respect on that account, and arrest you as a traitor to the State." To this Sir John answered:—"Well kinsman, since it must be so, I will submit," or words to that effect. At the same time, seeing an open lane between him and the soldiers, he suddenly set spurs to his horse, and disengaging himself, was making off at full speed. The Colonel shouted to his men to follow him and knock him down. He was accordingly struck with the butt end of a musket on his head which dismounted him in a bleeding condition, and taken to the same house where Charles had lodged after he had been refused admittance into Hull. Sir John was soon after sent under a strong guard to Captain Meyer, who, receiving him on board his ship, with his son and Sir John Rhodes, set sail for London, and delivered them to Parliament, by whom they were committed to the Tower.

A formal charge of high treason was made against them. Though they had many friends and the evidence was very strong against them, they remained many months prisoners in the Tower before being brought to trial. But when the new party prevailed, at the head of which was Cromwell, the two Hothams were tried at a court of war for treachery and treason. Those who had hitherto protected them, now lost their power, and accordingly on the 1st of December, 1643, Sir John Hotham and his son were brought to trial at the Guildhall, London, before the Earl of Manchester

and others. They were accused of betraying the trust reposed in them by Parliament; of favouring the enemy; of holding correspondence with the Queen, the Earl of Newcastle, Lord Digby, and others of the royal party; and of an attempt to betray the town of Kingston-upon-Hull to the King. There was also a particular charge against Sir John for suffering the escape of Lord Digby from Hull when he was there a prisoner. The proofs against them were many, by actions and by letters which had been intercepted. Some were written by the hand of the father, and were found among the papers of the Earl of Newcastle who had been taken in battle. One letter was brought against the son, which had been produced through the treachery of his servant. Thirty witnesses were produced. Many of the charges were denied but they were both convicted, and condemned to lose their heads.

Sir John presented a petition to the House of Lords, and the Lords passed a vote to pardon Sir John, and desired the concurrence of the Commons. But such was the feeling against him, that upon the question being put, it was carried in the negative without a debate. The father was sentenced to die first, and the son the day following; but as Sir John was going to execution on Tower Hill—where an immense crowd had gathered—a reprieve for three days, arrived from the House of Lords. The Commons, highly incensed at this, sent to the Lieutenant of the Tower, and ordered him to proceed to the execution of Sir John Hotham, “according to the sentence of the Court Martial.”

By this accident it happened that the son suffered the day before his father, on the 1st of January, 1644. He shewed great courage on the occasion, declaring “that as for the ungrateful Parliament, he had not been guilty of treason towards them, who were the principal authors of the rebellion, by waging an unjust war

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enlarge further on that important historical period, which ended in Charles likewise being beheaded. But I hope I have sufficiently interested those who are not familiar with the subject to take up the remainder of the story, and study for themselves the characters and abuses that existed at the period of history I have been alluding to. You will, in the struggle that followed between the 'Cavaliers' and 'Roundheads,' learn the meaning of the sentence—that the people of England, when aroused to a sense of duty, are the fountain of power—the original seat of majesty. If they find the power they have conferred abused by their trustees, violated by tyranny, their authority prostituted to support violence, or laws grown as pernicious as they were in King Charles's reign—then it is their right, and what is their right is their duty, to resume that delegated power, and to extirpate tyranny and oppression.

The British Constitution is founded on 'common good,' on free and equal laws—a Constitution, in which the majesty of the people is and has been frequently recognised, in which kings are made and unmade by the choice of the people—a Constitution, in fine, the nurse of heroes, the parent of liberty, the patron of learning and arts, the domain of laws, the pride of Britain, and the envy of the world. Let all then guard our sacred Constitution against the profligacy and prostitution of the corrupters and the corrupted.



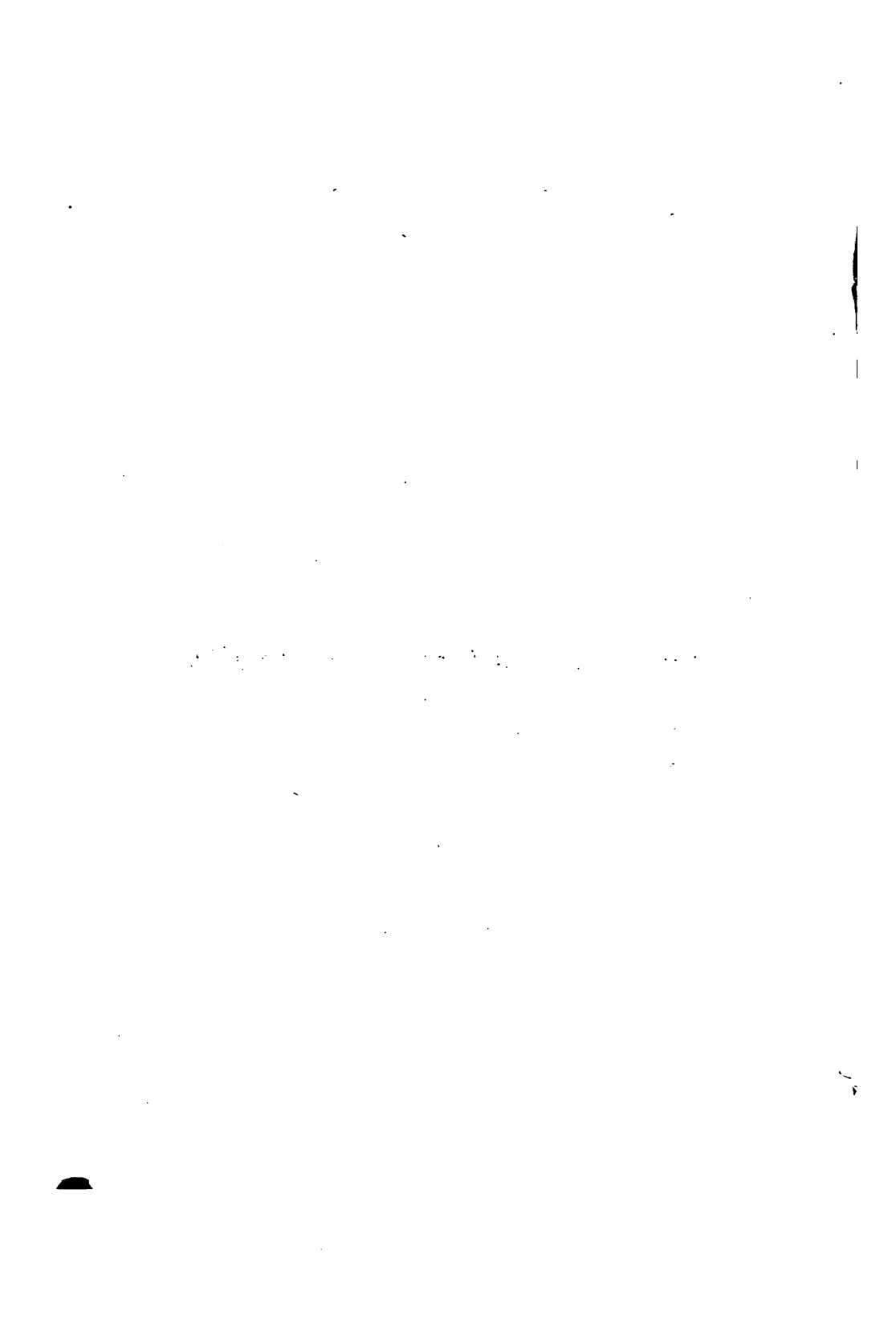
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**OUR ANCIENT CHURCH-YARDS.**

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## *Our Ancient Church-yards.*

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### HOLY TRINITY.

**A** few words on the above title, by way of introduction. I paid a visit recently to the two ancient Parish Churches of this town, for the purpose of seeing if any alterations had been made besides merely restoring them, and, to my surprise, I found great changes had taken place not only in the sacred edifices themselves, but also in their graveyards. Many memorials of men of local rank had been removed, and crowds of headstones were huddled together in the graveyard adjoining the Holy Trinity Church. The two old burial grounds have been entirely metamorphosed, and whilst formerly "shattered with age, and furrowed with years," they have been, thanks to a rather recent enactment, closed for interment, the remaining head-stones prostrated, the ground levelled, and gravel placed in the interstices. What was once green and rank, crowded with grave-stones and irregular graves, now presents a smooth and level surface. The earth itself was, as it were, saturated with what is called the "dust of man," and the whole appeared a "hideous and mis-shapen length of ruins."

from the intersection. The east end is of the Decorated period; the Nave, of the Perpendicular. At the end of the Nave is a noble recessed doorway and three grand windows. The great central window is of nine lights, and occupies the entire breadth of the Nave, reaching to the parapet. The Clerestory of the Nave contains sixteen windows of three lights each. The east end abuts on the Market-Place, and contains a magnificent window of seven lights, and is filled with beautiful specimens of stained glass, containing emblematic figures of different descriptions. The seven personages beneath them represent the prophet Isaiah, and the remainder, the Apostles. In 1835, three of the lower compartments of the window were filled with representations of Faith, Hope, and Charity. This window measures 40 feet by 20, and since its restoration, has been filled with stained glass by piece-meal, and consequently is not so effective as the sister window at the west end on account of want of uniformity. The west window is filled with splendid specimens of stained glass in nine divisions illustrative of some passages of the Bible, and all bearing on the subject of the Holy Trinity. The nine great lights are memorials of George Alden, of Sutton Grange and Hull, who died in 1844, aged 86 years, and Mary, his wife; Joseph Gee, of Hull, Merchant, who died in 1860; Robert Martin Craven, of Hull, Surgeon, who died in 1859; William Ringrose, of Hull, Merchant, who died in 1845, aged 65 years; William Wooley, Clerk of the Peace for the Borough, who died in 1837; John Taylor, of Hull, Merchant, who died in 1856; R. C. Young, who died in 1856, and Anne, his wife, and Charlotte and Jessie their children; Mary Barkworth, who died in 1842; and John Cressey, who died in 1810, aged 77 years, and Elizabeth, his wife, who died in 1778, aged 52 years.

The Chancel is most spacious in its dimensions. Previous to the restoration of the great east window,

the large painting on plaster, of the Lord's Supper, by M. Parmentier occupied its place; but when the window was completed the painting was removed to Hesse Church. It has, however, been recently returned and deposited in the transept of Holy Trinity.

The Transept is supposed to have been added in the reign of Edward II., and it is highly probable that the Chancel was built at the same time. Mr. Scott, the eminent church architect, asserts that the Chancel belongs to the 14th century; but Mr. Sheahan is of opinion, that on account of the Transept not being in proportion with the other parts of the church, it was not enlarged when the Chancel was extended or rebuilt. Under the first floor the tower has been beautifully adorned with a new groined oak ceiling, in keeping with the transept style of architecture, (Gothic), highly decorated and splendidly illuminated, rich in gilt and colouring, designed by Messrs. Burlinson and Grylls, London, and ably executed by Mr. Dreyer, Hull. Both externally and internally the fabric is undergoing a thorough restoration, and in several parts is being elegantly embellished; notably, the embattled parapet that runs along the ridge of the Clerestory, Aisles and Chant-ries, at the east end of the church; and fortunately there were sufficient remains from the crumbling ruins, that the Architect was enabled to make out the original form and style of architecture as when first constructed, and when the dingy walls are removed, and supplanted with a light palisading, our ancient Parish Church will be one of the most chaste, magnificent, and beautiful edifices in Yorkshire. Perhaps it would not be out of order before we leave the Tower, to quote Ray the naturalist, who visited Hull in the year 1661, and makes the following remarks:—"In the morning we went to see the great church. The Choir is very fair and large, but built of brick. From the steeple we had a prospect of the town, which is fair and well built. It is fenced with a strong-built wall and a double ditch, with

a high earthwork between them. The Governor of the town, at our being there, was the Lord Bellasis." He also adds an old saying, that

"When Dighton is pulled down—  
Hull shall become a great town."

But my immediate purpose is to give the origin and early history of our ancient Churchyards, and from the wreck of names *memoriæ sacræ* to rescue a few from the wreck of oblivion; for mingled with their hallowed dust lie interred illustrious dead—men once famed in the early annals of our town, but now "dubious and forgot."

Soon after the restoration of Charles II., an Act was passed restoring expelled ministers to their respective livings, and appointing others to such as were vacant. The Corporation of Hull thought this an excellent opportunity for detaching the dependency of High Church from the Hessle Parish Church; the former being a Chapel-of-ease to the latter. An Act of Parliament for this purpose received the royal assent, on the 20th of December, 1661, and Holy Trinity thus became a Parish Church.

The living of Holy Trinity is a Vicarage, not in charge, and in the hands of trustees. The Rev. CANON BROOKE, M.A., is the Vicar; to whom the town is deeply indebted for his indefatigable exertions in aid of the restoration and adornment of this magnificent edifice.

Along the south-side of the church extending the whole length of the Choir, are the remains of former Chantry Chapels. It was an ancient custom for persons of wealth and position to build small chapels to their parish churches, and these were endowed with lands sufficient to pay for the maintenance of one or more chanters, who were to sing masses at the altars erected therein, for the soul of the founder, and those of his ancestors and posterity. The High Church had at least 20 of these endowed Chantries, and mostly



were on both sides of the Choir. The remains of several have been discovered during the present restoration of the building. The first of these on record was founded in 1328, by Richard de Gretford, alderman and merchant of this town, who bequeathed a messuage lying in Bedford-Lane, on the north side of the "Great Chapel of Hull." The same year John Rotenherying, merchant, of Hull, founded a Chantry here, and Sir Michael de la Pole founded one in 1380; Richard Ravenser, Arch-deacon of Lincoln, in 1385, founded another; Robert de Cross founded one in 1408; John Gregg founded another in 1420; John Bedford founded one about the year 1450; also, John Alcock, Bishop of Rochester—who subsequently became Lord High Chancellor of England—in 1489, built a small chapel on the south of this church, near the "great porch"; and amongst others were those founded by Hugh Hanby (merchant), Madam Darrys, Robt. Matthew, Dr. John Riplingham, Thos. Wilkinson (alderman), Margaret Dubbing, and John Eland, Kt. When King Henry VIII. suppressed all Chantries, the rich revenues from endowments were nearly all lost to the church. During the restoration of the Nave, a monumental arch was found near the Vicar's Porch. There is also a similar arch at the east end of the South Aisle. Here are several fragments of little square inlaid bricks, upon each of which are old English letters, and coats of arms of the supposed founders of and contributors to the church. When the workmen were clearing away the *debris* of the old chantries adjoining, previous to their restoration, several bricks of a similar character were found in the floors; consequently it is evident that they have been originally paved with these old English tiles.

Through the courtesy of the Town Clerk, G. C. ROBERTS, Esq., who voluntarily placed at my disposal the privilege of examining the ancient records in the archives of the Corporation, I have been enabled

to extract one of many specimens therein,—a copy of a curious and hitherto undiscovered record of the proceedings of the “Gilde of Blessed Virgin Mary, in the Chapel of Sainte Trinity in Kyngeston-upon-Hull.” It is written on parchment and bound, in hog-skin, and on the inner cover is the following :—

“MEMORANDUM.—That this Book was bought at ‘*Six Oaks*,’ the 12th day of December, in the year of our Lord God, 1462, by JOHN ELAND of Hull. Price, 23s.”

“The Accounts of JOHN RYDESDALE, Alderman of the Gilde of our Blessed Virgin Marie, in the *Chapel* of Sainte Trinitie, and JOHN WYLSON and THOMAS WYNFLET, *Senesallors* of the same Gilde, the 10th of April, in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Four Hundred Seventy and Six, and in the Sixteenth year of the Reign of King Edward the Fourth.” Amongst other things shewing the Annual Income and Expenditure of the said Gilde, it is recorded as follows, viz :—

ROGER BUSSELL,	} Auditors.
WILLIAM ELAND,	
ROBERT TWYER,	

- “Jewells belonging unto our Lady Gilde remayng in the keypyng of  
Syr Robert Davy, Prest of the said Gilde.
- “Fyrst one old hayr for our ladys Alter.
- “Itm 1 newe hayr for the same Alter
- “Itm 1 old Frontell of grene
- “Itm 2 alter clothes of I'wyll
- “Itm 1 Frontell of damask wt. Flours of Gold
- “Itm 1 alter cloth of ye same mark
- “Itm 1 alter cloth of whit for lentyn Seson
- “Itm 1 vestement of cloth of gold wt. a corpax of ye same
- “Itm 1 old vestment of whit Rustion
- “Itm 1 Grene vestment wt. a corpax of red
- “Itm 1 Masse buke and 1 chalex
- “Itm 1 Frontell of grene
- “Itm 4 alter cloth of whit of the Crownacion of our Lady Saynt Katryn  
and Saynt Margret vyrgynes and marters in the same
- “Itm 1 new vestment of whit
- “Itm 1 pruce chust bounden wt. Iron
- “Itm 1 alter clothe of newe clothe

We must now return to the descriptive portion of the church proper.

Above the Vicar's Porch is a Memorial Window provided by the family, in stained glass, to the late venerable Vicar, Rev. J. H. BROMBY, M.A. The centre compartment represents Aaron in his full robes as High Priest, with the legend “Thy Priests shall be clothed with righteousness.” In the other compartments (2)

Aaron stands before the Altar of Sacrifice ; (3) Before the Altar of Incense ; (4) Before the Holy of Holies, and (5) Cleansing the Leper.

Henry VIII, granted the house and site, and all houses, buildings, orchards and gardens belonging to the White Friary, to John Heneage, which subsequently became the property of Mr. Alderman Ferres, who, in 1621, granted the same to the Trinity House.

The earliest notice of a place of religious worship in Hull, was in the reign of King John, 1204, when we find the Monks of Melsa were compelled to re-build a chapel here, which they had destroyed previous to that year, and before the building of High Church. Doubtless Divine service was performed almost from the beginning of the town's foundation, though, perhaps as Gent says, "in little chapels of wood" ; for the late Dr. Alderson possessed a "Piscina," which was said to have been dug up on the site of the ancient Chapel of Myton. The late Mr. Frost says on the authority of a respectable eye-witness to the disinterment of bodies in the year 1787, when a paddock belonging to Wm. Casson was opened out for the purpose of making bricks, that, at a little distance below the surface of the earth in different parts of the close, about 70 skeletons were found. This paddock, he seems to think, was the burial ground of the Chapel of Myton. The site of this field is now what is known as Lister-Street. Mr. Thomas Thompson, F.S.A., says, that he has reason to believe, that the Chapel in Myton destroyed by the Monks of Melsa, stood upon a part of the present site of Holy Trinity Church. This we do know, that in 1296, Hull possessed a Priory of Carmelite Brethren and a stately Chapel, which now forms the Chancel of the Church of Holy Trinity. In the certificate returned by one Leonard Beckwith, [dated 12th August, 30th Henry VIII.] upon the survey of the estates belonging to Sir Wm. Sidney, Kt., the Carmelite Chapel in Hull is thus mentioned :—"Also there are

two howses of Freers wythin the sayd towne of Kyngston-upon-Hull, the oon call'd the Whyht Freers, and thother the Austyne Freers, and the chauncel of the churches of the sayd Freers, wyth part of the cloysters, be coverd with lead and the sayd Sir William is founder of them." (*ex orig.*)

In the year 1312, as the people began to flourish, they were inspired to raise a building which was more becoming the performance of Divine worship. However we have no historical account of the existence of any church or chapel, until 1285, when, according to a MS. in the British Museum, the High Church was founded as a chapel by James Helward, the mother church, as the MS. states, being at Hessle. The family of Helward, or Helleward was of considerable importance in Hull at a very early period. Adam Helleward, in 1301, resided on the west-side of High-Street, according to the town records. In his will, which is preserved in the records of the Corporation, he states:—"In the first place I commend my soul to God, and my body to be buried in the churchyard of the Holy Trinity of Kingston-upon-Hull," &c. In 1325, one Walter Helleward was Collector of the Customs at Hull conjointly with Richard de la Pole, and in 1341 and 1342 he filled the office of Mayor of the town, while one John Helleward held the post of Bailiff of the Borough in the years 1338, 1339 and 1340.

Gent and the other historians must have made a mistake in the date 1312, because we have the evidence of the pastoral letter of Archbishop Corbridge addressed in 1301 to the Prior of Gisburne, patron of the Hessle Church, asking for the dedication of a cemetery to the *Chapel* of the town of "Kingstone"—thus showing that there was a chapel then standing, though without any burial ground attached. His reason is thus given, "that in conveying the bodies of deceased persons along the banks of the Humber for interment at the Parish Church of Hessle, it sometimes happens,

in the winter especially, that both bodies and attendants are washed away by the waters of the river, and at other times the people are exposed to great danger, etc. Dated Burton, March 18th, in the 2nd year of our pontificate, A.D., 1301." The burial ground is described in the will of John Schayl, in 1303, who bequeathed £20 to be paid out of his estate, and required to be buried in the churchyard.

The family of Schayl, who lived in "Scale-Lane," and had the principal part of the property there, gave it its modern name. It is called "Scailane" in an original deed, dated 6th May, 1433, "whereby an annual rent of 100s, was made payable out of a messuage there, adjoining upon the premises late of William Froste and then of John Box."

In the year 1320, the chapel-yard being too small for the town, the inhabitants petitioned King Edward II. to grant them a certain piece of ground, called "Le Hailles," lying at the west end of the church, which he accordingly did.

Borlase says, "the wakes and feasts instituted in commemoration of the dedication of parochial churches were highly esteemed among the primitive christians, and regularly kept on the Saint's day to whose memory the church was dedicated. On the eve of this day, prayers were said and hymns were sung all night in the church; and from these watchings the festivals were styled Wakes, which name continues in many parts of England, although the vigils have been long abolished. Hospinian cites in his Fourth Book of the "*Regnum Papisticum*," a picture of the excesses used in his time, at the Feast of Dedication; thus translated:—

"The Dedication of the Church is yerely had in minde,  
With worship popish catholicke, and in a woundrous kinde:  
From out the steeple hie is hangde a cross and banner fayre;  
The pavements of the temple strowde with hearbes of pleasant ayre;  
The pulpets and the aulters all that in the church aro seen,  
And every pewe and pillar great ar deckt with boughes of greene;  
The tabernacles opened are, and images are drest,  
But chiefly he that patron is, doth shine among the rest," &c.

At a Newcastle wake, in 1758, the following notice was circulated :—" On this day (May 22) the annual diversions at Swalwell will take place, which will consist of dancing for ribbons, grinning for tobacco, women running for smocks, ass races, foot courses by men, with an odd whim of a man eating a cock alive, feathers, entrails, &c." These holy feasts are not yet altogether abolished ; and in the County of Durham, Hutchinson, in his History, says that many are yet celebrated. They were originally Feasts of Dedication in commemoration of the consecration of churches, in imitation of Solomon's great convocation at the consecration of the Temple at Jerusalem. In Sir Aston Cokain's Poems, 1658, p. 210, is the following :—

" *To Justice Would-be.*"

"That you are vext their *wakes* your neighbours keep,  
They guess it is because you want your *sleep* ;  
Therefore wish that you your *sleep* would take,  
That they (without offence) might keep their *wake*."

A word or two upon the anniversary of the dedication of the two Churches of Holy Trinity and Saint Mary. These were commonly called *feasts*, *wakes*, or *ales*. (The word *wake* is derived from the Saxon *wak*, drunkenness.) The Hebrew nation constantly keep their anniversary of dedication in remembrance of Judas Maccabeus, their deliverer, and in commemoration of the dedication of their Temple at Jerusalem. So it became an ancient custom among the early christians of this island to keep a feast every year, in remembrance of the finishing of the building of their parish churches. As I have shewn, great irregularities and licentiousness crept in, especially in the churchyards ; but in the reign of Henry VIII, statutes were made to regulate and restrain them. Hull was not free from this kind of dissipation. The first intention of this watching was good and pious, till at length from hawkers and pedlars coming here to sell their petty wares, the merchants set up stalls and booths in the churchyards, and not only those who lived in the two

parishes to whom the churches belonged resorted thither, but numbers from the adjoining towns and villages. The wakes continued in Hull until the reign of James I, when they were suppressed by the then Archbishop of York. The High Church wake was held on the 10th of March, and St. Mary's the 8th.

Another peculiar custom was that of planting trees in churchyards, which seems to derive its origin from ancient funeral rites. Historians think they were planted to screen the churches from the wind, and that as churches were built low at this time (in the reign of Edward I.), the thick foliage of the yew tree answered the purpose better than any other, and protected the edifices from storms. The old historian Gent says, that the trees were planted in the churchyards so that the people might refresh their souls by contemplation under them, after Divine service. In 1462, the Vicar of Holy Trinity sent for Robert Tetney and Richard Wright, hewers of wood, whom he ordered to cut down one of the largest and most ornamental trees, for reasons best known to himself. They had scarcely obeyed his commands before the Mayor of Hull heard of it, and sending for them committed both to prison for daring to commit such an action without advice and consent of the bench and churchwardens; and on the next Hall day, sending for the Vicar, told him "That, by the constitution of the church, neither he, his predecessors, or any other person, had power to destroy what was placed there for the preservation of that venerable building;" the Vicar humbly craved their pardon, but was ordered at his own expense to plant 6 trees in the churchyard, for that one he had ordered to be cut down; all which the good Vicar performed accordingly.

Perhaps it would not be unadvisable here to leave our special subject for a short period whilst I allude to church bells.

I have not been able to learn when bells were first

rung in the tower of the High Church. The lower portion of the tower, which is 147½ feet high, is part of the original structure, and was formerly only a few feet from the roof of the church. The upper stages, that is the belfry, &c., are of a later date, and any one can see with the naked eye where it has been lengthened. During the mayoralty of William Fenwick (1727), a new set of bells was hung in the steeple which were rung for the first time on the 17th of April. Neither have I been able to ascertain precisely the date of the invention of bells. The ancients had some sort of bells, for I find the word *tintinnabula*, which we usually render bells, in Martial, Juvenal, and Suetonius. Bells were used by the Romans to summon them to their hot baths. The Hebrews, according to Josephus, used trumpets. The Turks do not permit the use of them at all. In an account of the gifts made by St. Dunstan to Malmsbury Abbey, it says, "That bells were not very common in that age, for that prelate's liberality, it is said, consisted chiefly in such things as were wonderful and strange in England, among which he reckons the large bells he gave them."

Bells were known among the Persians and Greeks at an early period, and the early christians in Italy naturally applied them to denote the hours of devotion; but it does not appear that large bells were used in churches to summon the people to Divine worship before the sixth century. According to Bede large bells such as sounded in the air, and called a numerous congregation together, were not adapted to the use of the Anglo-Saxon church, until the year 680.

In catholic times, here, it has been customary to toll the passing bell at all hours of the night as well as by day; as the following extract from the church-warden's accounts for the Parish of Wolchurch, A.D. 1526, proves; "Item, the clerke to have for tollynge of the passynge belle, for manne, womanne, or childe, if it be in the day, iiijd. Item, if it be in the night, for



the same, viijd." See Strutt's Manners. In Ray's Collection of Old English Proverbs is the following couplet :—

"When thou dost hear a toll or knell,  
Then think upon thy passing bell."

Bourne considers the custom as old as the use of bells themselves in christian churches, i.e., about the seventh century. Bede, in his Ecclesiastical History, speaking of the death of the Abbess of St. Hilda, says that one of the sisters of a distant monastery, as she was sleeping, thought she heard the well-known sound of that bell which called them to prayers when any of them had departed this life. The Abbess no sooner heard this than she raised all the sisters, and called them into the church, where she exhorted them to pray fervently, and sing a requiem for the soul of their mother. In Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies, 1614, p. 196, concerning "*The ringing out at the burial*" is this anecdote:—"A rich churle and a beggar were buried at one time, in the same churchyard, and *the bells rung out a maine for the miser*: now, the wiseacre his son and executor, to the end the world might not thinke that all that ringing was for the beggar, but for his father, hired a trumpeter to stand all the ringing while in the belfrie, and betweene every peale to sound his trumpet, and proclaime aloude and say, sirres, this next peale is not for R., but for maister N., his father." Bells were a great object of superstition among our ancestors. Aubrey, in his Miscellanies, p. 148, says "At Paris, when it begins to thunder and lighten, they do presently ring out the great bell at the Abbey of St. Germain, which they do believe makes it cease. The like was wont to be done heretofore, in Wiltshire. When it thundered and lightened, they did ring St. Adeline's bell at Malmesbury Abbey." Dr. Frances Herring in "Certaine Rules, Directions, or Advertisements for this time of pestilentiaall Contagion," 1625, advises thus "Let the bells in cities and townes be rung

often, and the great ordnance discharged ; thereby the aire is purified."

"The passing bell," says Grose, "was anciently rung for two purposes, one to bespeak the prayers of all good christians for a soul departing." An old proverb says—

"When the bell begins to toll,  
Lord have mercy on the soul."

When Lady Catherine Grey died a prisoner in the Tower, Sir Owen Hopton, who had then the charge of that fortress, "perceiving her to draw towards her end, said to Mr. Bokeham, were it not best to send to the church, *that the bell may be rung*. And she herself hearing him, said, 'Good Sir Owen let it be so.' Then immediately perceiving her end to be near she entered into prayer, and said, 'O Lord, into thy hands I commend my soul,' and so putting down her eyelids with her own hands, she yielded unto God her meek spirit, at 9 of the clock in the morning, the 27th January, 1567."

As my remarks must necessarily be exclusively confined to the subject of death, I need not pursue the matter further, having given sufficient for my purpose. I will, however, narrate a very singular circumstance in connection with the Holy Trinity Church and its bells.

In 1522, the church was put under an interdict. The windows and doors were closed with briars and thorns ; the pavement torn up ; and the bells, "once hallowed by baptism, as tho' their sounds should drive evil spirits afar," as an old historian states, by way of parenthesis, were stopped, so that there was no tolling for prayer, or at the soul's departure from the body, no worship performed within the walls, neither christian burial allowed therein, or even in the churchyard, and every person who presumed to enter the place lay under an *anathema*. But no reason is assigned for this severe sentence. It is said by some historians, that it

was for preaching a sermon against the Roman religion; because some years after the vicar of North Cave was forced, in this town, to make public recantation of what he had delivered from the pulpit; and was obliged on Sunday and market-day, to walk round the church in his shirt only, his arms, legs, and feet being quite bare, and, besides, to carry a large faggot, as though he deserved burning for what was then looked upon to be his great capital offence.

Returning to the subject of interments, I will now proceed to select a few inscriptions on some of the memorials of the many eminent inhabitants that lie buried in the High Church and graveyard. The custom of laying flat stones in our churches and churchyards over the graves of the better class of persons, on which are inscribed epitaphs containing the name, age, character, &c., of the deceased, has been transmitted from very ancient times, as appears from the writings of Cicero and others. A brief statement of the mode of interment practised by the ancients, will not be out of place. It is astonishing to read with what religious respect all nations, through all ages, have paid tribute to the memory of the dead. The earliest record of the disposition of the dead is to be found in Sacred History. It is there stated that Abraham purchased of Ephron, the Hittite, the cave of Machpelah, for a burial place, in which were interred his wife Sarah and himself, and subsequently Isaac and Rebecca, Jacob, and Leah. This clearly shews that the bodies in those days were committed to earthly burial. The early Christians followed the practice of interment in accordance with their religious opinion "earth to earth." We are informed that the early Germans, who possessed immense forests, creating a ready supply of fuel, burned their dead. The practice of burning is of great antiquity, and was generally adopted by the Ancients. There are noble descriptions in Homer of the obsequies of Patroclus and

Achilles. In the reign of Julian, we find that the king of Chaonia burnt the body of his son, and interred the ashes in a silver urn. The Egyptians were afraid of fire—therefore by precious embalmment, and afterwards by deposition in dry earth, they contrived the most certain way of integral preservation. The Scythians, who swore by wind and sword, that is, by life and death, were so far from burning their bodies, that they declined all interment, and made their graves in the air. The custom of the Greeks and Romans, after burning the body, was to collect the bones and ashes, place them in urns, and deposit them about a yard deep in the earth. Many urns have been found in several parts of England, containing skulls, teeth, and jaws, bearing impressions of combustion. Near some of these Roman urns, coals and incinerated substances have been dug up. The urns have varied in size. This was to distinguish the great ones of the earth—showing that through all ages there has been a desire to be distinguished from the vulgar. Some had golden urns—these were the first to have their bones disturbed. Great Princes affected great monuments. Ulysses cared not how meanly he lived, so that he might have a grand tomb after his death. Pyramids, arches, and obelisks, all go to show the vain-glory and mammoth pride of the Ancients.

The ancient Britons—the aboriginal inhabitants of this country—buried their dead, not in churchyards or cemeteries as we do, but on the wolds and high places, scattered in every direction. They raised mounds of earth over the remains of the dead, and those mounds, barrows, or *tumuli*, were more or less elevated, according to circumstances connected with the locality, or according to the power or influence of the deceased. There are many ancient barrows in various parts of Yorkshire, especially in the south-eastern part of the county, or the wold district, several of which have been opened, and found to contain clay urns, burnt bones,

and unburnt skeletons. Hence it is clear that the Britons burnt *some* of their dead—probably the bodies of persons of rank—and deposited the ashes in sepulchral urns.

The Romans too practised cremation. When a Roman died, his body was laid out and washed, and a small coin was placed in his mouth, which, it was supposed, he would require to pay his passage in Charon's boat. If the corpse was to be burnt, it was carried on the day of the funeral in solemn procession to the funeral pile, which was raised in the place set apart for the purpose, called the *Ustrinum*. The pile was built of the most inflammable wood, and when the body was placed upon it, the whole was ignited by the relations of the deceased. When consumed, and the fire extinguished, the nearest relatives gathered what remained of the bones and cinders of the dead and placed them in an urn, in which they were committed to the grave. Persons of rank were burnt with greater ceremonies than were observed on ordinary occasions, and on a spot chosen for the purpose, instead of the ordinary *Ustrinum*. Thus, when the Roman Emperor, Severus, died at York in the year 211,—York being then the capital of Roman Britain—his remains were reduced to ashes about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles westward of the city, on the mound ever since known as "*Severus' Hill*."

But the Romans had other modes of sepulture besides that of cremation. The bodies were sometimes buried entire, but in somewhat different manners. The remains of the higher classes were sometimes deposited in sepulchral chests made of huge blocks of stone. These were generally very massive, formed out of the solid rock, and covered with a roof-shaped or flat lid. Massive chests or sarcophagi of this description appear—from their forms and inscriptions—to have stood above ground, and they present a very peculiar mode of sepulture. After the body had been laid apparently in full dress, on its back, at the bottom of the sar-

cophagus, liquid lime was poured in, until the whole of the body was covered except the face ; this becoming hard, has preserved to a certain degree an impression of the form of the body, of which the skeleton is often found entire. Several examples of this mode of sepulture may be seen in the grounds and museum of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society at York. It is remarkable that the Roman tombs, with interments of this description found at York, generally contain the remains of ladies. In some instances the colour of the dress in which the corpse had been arrayed, has been transferred to the lime in which the body was enveloped.

The practice of burying within church porches commenced in the days of Cuthred. The clergy, on account of their sacred functions, and the nobility of high rank, claimed to be interred within the temple. Founders of churches, and benefactors, became invested with the same right. Thus the privilege, which had only been conceded to individual merit, increased so rapidly, that the interiors of churches up to a recent period were crowded with the dead. Many places of worship, by repeated interments within, and inhumation around, caused emanations to arise from animal putrescence, that the atmosphere on all sides became impregnated with the odour of the dead. Of late years it has been found that churches were not intended for places of sepulture. The Government, deeming it a duty, closed all the burial grounds in cities and boroughs.

The French nation were the first in providing suburban sepulture. The cemetery called "Pere la Chaise," was the first established. It is situated in the north-eastern suburbs of Paris, and continues to this day one of the most beautiful places of burial. It was formerly the property of the Order of Jesuits, with an elegant mansion attached, and was the country residence of Father la Chaise, the confessor of Louis XIV.

The Hebrews were the first nation to bury with-

out the cities, in fields, or in their gardens, and their burial habits, according to the Scripture, have not been departed from to this day. Of late years cemeteries have been formed in the vicinity of towns, and it is worthy of note to see the great change which the opening of modern cemeteries has introduced, especially in the fashion of mortuary memorials. A superior classical taste has superceded the old style of brick vault. The modern cemetery may be termed, as the Moravians call them, "Fields of Peace;" for by the turf-clad mound of some beloved friend we are reminded of the past, and directed to the future. These visits now and then are soothing, and seem to remind us that the grave is the house appointed for all living. Such feelings and reflections could not be indulged in, when interments took place in the crowded, walled-in churchyards, surrounded on all sides by the overlooking habitations of the living, and exposed to every sort of intrusion. Our old churchyards have undergone great changes since they were closed. The stones that still exist have been prostrated. Some of them exhibit much excellence of lettering and are of great antiquity; but there are very few inscriptions of a quaint or curious character. The limits of this volume will only allow my mentioning a few names of the illustrious men of rank that are interred in the Holy Trinity Church.

Near the vestry door on the south wall of the Choir is the following inscription, written in Latin, and thus translated:—"Not far from this place lie interred George Barker, Knight, the father, (grandfather and great-grandfather) of George Barker, Esq., who, after he had done and suffered much for his king and country, especially for gallantly defending Newcastle, against the rebellious Scots, at last submitted to an unequal fate, unworthy his great deserts, the 4th of August, 1669. But God would not suffer so great virtue to lie concealed. Though he died obscurely, he

was buried honourably ; the Colonel of the Militia and the whole train-band attending his funeral, as a memorable example of valour and loyalty. At last, having lain buried more than 40 years, his nephew, Thomas Baker, Bachelor in Divinity, in St. John's College, in Cambridge, the heir, not more of his virtues, than of his adverse fortunes, pitying the unhappy fate of his dear grandfather, out of his great affection, caused this funeral monument to be erected in the year 1710."

On the south side of the Chancel, on the ground, the effigies in brass are those of an alderman and his lady, with another Latin inscription, thus rendered :—" Here, O Richard Bylt, thou liest buried, (formerly an alderman and a merchant of good reputation) who died in two days' time, by the pestilence, in the year 1401." At the feet of the lady's effigy, also on the ground, is another Latin inscription :—" The earth being closed upon thee, thou art in silent rest, who lately enjoyed deserved honour, and was beloved for thy generous disposition, proceeding from an upright heart. This gentlewoman died in the month of October, in the 50th year of her age, and is now gone into the regions of bliss ; where, may she live happy for ever."

There was, at the west end of the church, an epitaph upon the death of Wm. John Carleton, master mariner, lost in his long boat, 18th of November, 1674, aged 41 years, and son of William Carleton, merchant, sheriff, *anno* 1668 :—

" Here rests his mortal part asleep again,  
Who was once saved nodding in the main,  
But cast the second time on Thetis' lap  
Ah ! providence sent none to hand him back ;  
The curl'd billows wept to see him lie,  
Divested of his immortality !  
They found his remains above the deep,  
And now his dust does with his fathers sleep ;  
Waiting awaking, when all tempests cease,  
And tossed bodies land in perfect peace."

Upon the same stone is the following :—" Now rests in his eldest son's urn, that divine philosopher William Carleton, gentleman, whose great wisdom and learning



made him useful and desirable. He lived and died like a christian, April 17th, 1705, in the 84th year of his age." There are very few monuments in the church. The most remarkable one is in the south wall. The early historians are silent as to whom this monument is intended; but it is supposed by some to include the effigies, in alabaster, of Sir William de la Pole and his wife, because they were buried in the chancel of this church. The figures are under a pedimental canopy. Sir William de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, died in disgrace in France. Their effigies are supposed by Tickell to have been brought from the Charter House, where it is just possible his body was laid in state when it was brought home. At the dissolution of monasteries, these effigies were placed at the door of an old chantry, founded by the Earl. Tickell also says, that the ground or vault under the effigies had been opened, as low as the foundation, but no trace was found of human remains. There are some old chantries or chapels yet left standing on the south side of the church. Previous to the Reformation there were at least twenty of those small chapels. One of them was used by the Corporation as a Council Chamber; but it was so cold that they forsook it about 180 years ago. The chantries remaining have just been beautifully restored, and a few of the fragments of stained glass, that escaped destruction by the fanatical mob of the 17th century, have been re-set in a window of one of the chantry chapels.

In the floor of the north Aisle of the Nave is the grave slab of "The worshipful Joseph Field, twice Mayor of this town, and merchant adventurer," who died in 1627, aged 63 :—

"Here is a Field sown, that at length must sprout,  
And 'gainst the ripening harvest's time break out;  
When to that Husband it a crop shall yield,  
Who first did dress and till this new sown Field:  
Yet ere this Field you see, this crop can give,  
The seed first dies, that it again may live."

"*Sit Deus amicus,  
Sanctis, vel in Sepulchris spes est.*"

Taylor, the water poet, alludes to this Wm. Field in his description of Hull in 1662.

The following inscription is on the north of the altar :—" Here lieth the body of the worshipful John Ramsden, twice Mayor of this town, and merchant adventurer, who departed in the true faith of Christ, *anno* 1637 :—

*Mors omnibus communis."*

A fearful scourge happened during his mayoralty. This good merchant was one of the hundreds of persons that fell by a plague in the year 1638. This plague, which was raging in many seaports, also broke out in Hull. No wise precaution was able to prevent the contagion. The gates of Hull were soon ordered to be shut ; a strict guard was placed day and night in order to prevent anyone from going out or coming in ; and the watchmen only were allowed to receive provisions at places appointed for that purpose. No societies were permitted to meet ; the churches and schools were closed ; scarce any one walked the streets ; grass grew between the stones of the pavement ; everything bore the stamp of melancholy ; and all seemed buried in solemn silence. In 1638, the sickness increased by the intemperature of the air ; the market was cried down ; provisions, brought from neighbouring villages, were obliged to be delivered at the garrison-side and afterwards forwarded on sledges to the Town's Cross to be disposed of ; and trade and commerce sank into a gloomy state. This was the deplorable situation of above 2000 inhabitants of this town, who from opulent positions became piteous objects of charity ! Those who could afford it were heavily taxed weekly, to support the afflicted. The number that perished was about 2,730 persons. This pestilence continued unabated until about the 16th of June, 1639, when it ceased. It was about the middle of the visitation that Mr. Ramsden became a victim. He was a gentleman of great erudition, remarkable piety, and universal

esteem. The Rev. Andrew Marvell, from the pulpit of the church, delivered to a weeping congregation a funeral sermon—afterwards printed—in moving oratory, urging all who heard him to bear cheerfully whatever might happen to them in their lamentable condition.

At the west end of the church, on a grave stone, is pointed out the resting place of "Alderman Anthony Lambert, sometime Mayor of this corporation, who took to wife, Anne, the daughter of Mr. George Saltmarsh of this town, and by her had 8 sons and 5 daughters, and after he had lived 58 years piously towards God, faithfully towards his friends, and useful in his station to all, he departed this life the 28th of May, 1688, much lamented." He held the office of Chamberlain in 1661, and was Mayor of Hull in 1667 and 1682. On the restoration of King Charles II., 1662, his Majesty was proclaimed on Monday the 8th of May. The news reached Hull on the 17th. Colonel Charles Fairfax, Governor, with the aldermen in their scarlet robes, met the day following and walked in procession to the Market-Place, where a scaffold had been prepared covered with red cloth, which they ascended, and the Mayor in a loud voice proclaimed his Majesty the King over the British realms. Trumpets sounded, drums beat, cannon roared, and the air seemed rent with acclamations. The common prayer up to this period, was read under the Market Cross by the Rev. Wm. Smith, surrounded by multitudes of devout people, which occasioned an order for such books to be procured for the two churches which were afterwards kept more sacred. The fonts for baptism were set up as usual, and the communion tables railed in below the ancient altar. The old Market Cross was at this period pulled down, and a new one erected. A spirited and original half-length portrait of this personage is now to be seen in the Property Committee room of the Town Hall. He is represented in his mayor's robes of office, and is one of the very few of

our ancient worthies, whose portraits are preserved in that building.

In the Aisle of the Chancel is a plain epitaph as follows:—"Here lieth the body of the Right Worshipful Sir John Lister, Knight, twice Mayor of this town, who died, being a Burgess of Parliament, Decr. 23rd, A.D. 1640." It was during the mayoralty of this good and worthy knight that King Charles I. visited Hull, and was very hospitably treated by him, the King being his guest at his house in High-Street, better known now as "Wilberforce House." The following historical account of what took place in Hull at that remarkable period may not prove unacceptable:—

"Towards the end of April, 1639, King Charles I., with a great and splendid retinue of dukes, earls, lords, knights, and gentry, set out from London to York, and so to his army in the north; but being for some private reasons advised first to take a view of this town, he consented to it, and sent the Mayor word thereof two or three days beforehand, which, so soon as the Mayor understood, he immediately called a Hall, and there it was ordered that the Mayor, Aldermen, and the Recorder, in their scarlet gowns, and the best of the inhabitants, should attend at the gates to receive his Majesty with the most profound loyalty, humility, and respect; that rails be made for forty persons to stand in at Beverley Gate Head, and a foot pace to kneel upon, and the place or station for the Mayor and Aldermen to be somewhat higher than the rest, and to have some rich carpet before them upon the rail, and the Mayor should make his most hearty and loyal obedience to the King, and deliver to his Majesty the keys of the town, together with a ribbon and a purse with one hundred pieces of gold in it; that the Recorder do prepare and make a speech unto his Majesty, and welcome him to the town in the name of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses; and that as soon as it is ended, the Mayor shall have the great mace de-



SIR JN<sup>o</sup> LISTER. KNIGHT.

*Twice Mayor and Burgess in Parliament for Kingston upon Hull.*

*Obit Dec. 23. 1640.*



livered unto him, which having kissed it, shall deliver the same to his Majesty's hands, and receiving it again, he shall march before the King with the same upon his back or shoulder unto the lodgings."

The following is a portion of the famous, fulsome address presented by the Recorder on that occasion at Beverley Gate; Mr. Thorpe after making profound obeisance to his Majesty spoke as follows:—

"Most Gracious Sovereign!

"If the approaches to the thrones of heaven and earth had been by the same way of access, we had done. Since learned by our daily prayers unto the 'King of Kings,' to speak as might become us, unto your sacred Majesty, whom God has now blessed and honoured us with the presence of. But since these are different, and we not so much conversant in the latter as in the former, we most heartily crave your sacred pardon and grace for our rudeness, which is or may be committed, opining, your Majesty, that they proceeded from nothing but want of knowledge and skill how to receive and to express ourselves upon the happy reception of so much glory.

"Our full hearts make us almost unable to undergo what we most thankfully undertake, and would stop all passages of speech and make us dumb with the awful majesty that happy we, behold and adore.

"This town was always faithful and true, in respect of the zealous and loyal affections of the people of the same, to your Majesty's honour and service. It may be said, as it is of the city of Seville in Spain, 'not only to be walled, but also to be garrisoned by fire,' not dead nor asleep, nor absconded in senseless flints, but continually vivacious, waking, ardent, apparent, and sensible in their courageous and boiling heat for your Majesty's long life, welfare and happiness. So that the town is not only yours by name, but also by nature—so shall it ever remain to be.

"Your Majesty hath not only here a magazine of all military provisions of your own loyal collecting, ordering and appointment, but also a richer store, a more noble and safe prize, even a magazine of faithful and true hearts all the whole town over, which renders it stronger for your Majesty's service, than if it had walls of brass or iron.

"Your Majesty's most noble predecessors built, encouraged, and honoured it. The pious and good King Edward VI. committed the castle and block-houses of it to the perpetual keeping of the corporation. May your Majesty live for ever and ever, and may all the thorns in your travels grow up into crowns; may your battles be always crowned with laurels, and may good success always attend your actions and desires; may your years be added unto your days, and length of time, till time shall be no more."

[The Recorder subsequently became a judge and the King's greatest enemy.]

This grandiloquent speech being ended, his Majesty thanked them,—“protesting that as it was

his duty and daily study, so he would wholly spend his life for the good of his people, and make it his utmost endeavour to preserve both the church as by law established, and the State from popery, destruction and ruin."

The Mayor, Sir John Lister, then fell on his knees and, having kissed the mace, thus addressed his Majesty:—"Most high and mighty prince, I and my brethren do most heartily welcome your Majesty to your highness's royal town of Hull, and in token of our duty and respect, I deliver to your Majesty this emblem of royal authority and power, with the utmost humility, loyalty and confidence." Charles then took the mace in his hand and returned it immediately, saying, "Freely I return to you and your successors, and the whole town for ever, all the authorities and powers, privileges and charters, expressed and understood by this royal emblem; use them to my honour and your own good, and then you will be happy."

After the reading of this address of welcome by Recorder Thorpe, and the King having been presented with a ribbon, which he tied in a knot on his hat, calling it his "Hull Favour," Sir John led the way to his house in the High-Street, where he entertained his Majesty that night amidst the joyful sounds of the church bells.

Subsequently this same King Charles laid siege to Hull. He was refused admittance by the Governor, Sir John Hotham. This occurred on April the 23rd. The siege commenced on the 3rd of July—cannons thundering continually from the walls upon the royalists, and from their batteries in return upon the town. The siege was raised on the 11th day of October, 1643, which day was afterwards kept a holiday. The number slain during the struggle must have been great; for on the 10th of October of the same year, complaints were made to the Mayor and Aldermen by the churchwardens of Holy Trinity Church, that the yard thereof



was so full of dead bodies, that there was no room left to bury more, and further desired that leave might be given to treat for a garden in Trinity-House-Lane to bury the dead therein. Thus in this small graveyard, in the centre of this populous town, there are historic associations that carry us back over two centuries, and to the time when the people of Hull were the first to fight for religious and constitutional freedom.

It was Sir John Lister, who, at his own expense, built the wall at the north side of the High Church, from the Chancel down to the Market-Place. He also erected an hospital for six men and six women, likewise a reader's house adjoining, and endowed it with lands to the value of £600 a year. He was elected Member of Parliament in 1640, but died before taking his seat.

Another illustrious name may be seen at the west end of the church. In the south Aisle is the grave of Robert Nettleton, whose epitaph states that he was "Alderman and sometime Mayor of this town, and interred May 8th, 1706. He had 13 children by Lydia his wife, 7 of whom were buried in his grave. She was daughter of Mr. James Blaydes, and Anne his wife, daughter to the Rev. Andrew Marvel, and sister to Andrew Marvel, Esq., who about 20 years served this town as Member of Parliament." Alderman Robt. Nettleton, was the first Governor of the Poor of the Hull Incorporation.

About the year 1698, the magistrates were empowered to erect Houses of Correction, for idle persons, as well as places for honest poor people to employ themselves, if of strength and ability; and in 1699, Sir W. St. Quintin, Bart., and Charles Osborne, Esq., Members of Parliament for the borough, obtained an Act for promoting English manufactures, to incorporate and appoint trustees to take care of the children who formerly worked in the open Market-Place, to which end the ancient Cloth Hall—now the Branch Bank

of England, in Whitefriargate—was granted, under the town seal. In the year 1702, I find on looking over the old minute book of the Workhouse, the following copy of a codicil written on the back of his will, “that I give to the incorporation for the poor £5 a-year, to be paid them out of my house and staith situated in the High-Street, desiring from time to time, that my nearest relation, may be at the first vacancy, after he shall be 24 years old, if said corporation so please, chosen as a guardian of said corporation, desiring him and all to be very careful to promote the interest thereof being the best of charity.” On further search into the records, I find his son being desirous of residing in London and not having the same taste as his good father, disputed with the guardians the legality of the claim and subsequently settled with them by paying the sum of £30.

In the middle Aisle of the Nave, rest the remains of Alderman George Crowle and his wife Eleanor, who was the daughter of Roger Kirby, by a daughter of Sir John Lowther, Bart. A blue marble slab indicates the spot, but the inscription is nearly obliterated. At one time it had inlaid his coat of arms in brass—which has been removed—also the words, “Mayor in 1661 and 1679, died, 1682.” His wife died in 1689. He founded an hospital in Sewer-Lane. This hospital contains 12 rooms, and is occupied by 12 poor women, who each receive 2s. 6d. a week, with an allowance of coals and turfs. In 1821, the sum of £100 was given by Mr. Daniel Wilson, the representative of the Crowle family, in order that the interest thereof might be paid equally at Christmas among the poor people of the hospital. Mr. Alderman Lambert (Messrs. Lambert, Wine Merchants), and Mr. R. L. Cook, Merchant, are maternal descendants of the family; the latter gentleman possesses a splendid life-size portrait, in oil, of this apostle of benevolence, habited in his mayoral robes of office, (annexed is a copy of the original) which I hope



ALDERMAN GEORGE CROWLE.

*(From an original Portrait in the possession of R L Cook Esq.)*



to see some day located in the Town Hall, beside the few worthies placed therein.

In the churchyard there was a headstone to a Captain Wm. Frugill, who died the 21st day of April, 1656. A sword is carved on the stone with these lines :—

“What, sir, they say, 'tis sure, true men of war,  
Of valour, art, and faith, composed are.  
If Indian, German, English wars yield fame—  
Read then a man of war in Frugill's name.”

In the south-west corner of the graveyard, on the ground scheduled for widening South Church-Side, as agreed upon, is a gravestone to the memory of William Robinson, sometime Sheriff of this town, died October 8, 1708. On a portion of the flat stone are the following words :—“As a mark of grateful respect to the worthy donor of an Hospital to the Trinity House, the Warden and members have caused this vault to be repaired, June 4th, 1807.”

This worthy man also bequeathed 12 loaves of bread at 1s., to as many widows, on Christmas day, with the strict injunction that they are delivered to the recipients at the side of his grave. I am informed that it used to be a somewhat amusing scene to see the old women, when we have had severe winters, wading up to their knees in snow, in order to receive their dole.

The meaning of doles, St. Chrysostom says, was to procure rest to the soul of the deceased, that he might find his judge propitious.

Mr. Lysons in his “Environs of London,” speaking of some lands said to have been given by two maiden ladies to the Parish of Paddington, for the purpose of distributing bread, cheese, and beer among the inhabitants, on the Sunday before Christmas day, tells us that they are now let at £21 per annum, and, that “the bread was formerly thrown from the church steeple to be scrambled for, and part of it is still distributed in that way.”

Whilst alluding to the above curious ceremony, perhaps it will not be thought out of place to mention another ancient custom—that of preaching funeral sermons, which is of great antiquity, and used to be very general in England. I am not aware of any place where it is at present retained excepting Newgate. It is still a custom for the Ordinary to preach a funeral sermon *before* each execution. Gough, in the second volume of his “Sepulchral Monuments” says, “From funeral orations over christian martyrs have followed funeral sermons for eminent christians of all denominations, whether founded in esteem, or sanctioned by fashion, or secured by reward.”

After the Reformation, texts were left to be preached from, and sometimes money to pay for such preaching. We read that an infamous character named Madam Cresswell, had *her* funeral sermon. She desired by will to have an oration delivered at her funeral, for which the preacher was to have £10; but, upon this express condition, that he was to say nothing but what was *well* of her. A minister was with some difficulty found, who undertook the task. After a lengthened discourse on the general subject of mortality, and the good uses to be made of it, he concluded by saying:—“by the will of the deceased, it is expected that I should mention her, and say nothing but what was *well* of her; all that I shall say of her, therefore, is this—she was born *well*, she lived *well*, and she died *well*; for she was born with the name of Cress-*well*, she lived in Clerken-*well*, and she died in Bride-*well*.”

The author of the Philosophical survey of the South of Ireland says, p. 207 :—“It was formerly usual to have a bard to write the elegy of the deceased, which contained an enumeration of his good qualities, his genealogy, his riches, etc.,” the burden being—

“O! why did he die?”

Black, used for mourning garments, dates from the earliest antiquity. In the “Supplement to the

Athenian Oracle," p. 301, it is stated, that "Black is the fittest emblem of that sorrow and grief, the mind is supposed to be clouded with ; and, as death is the privation of life, and black a privation of light, 'tis very probable this colour has been chosen to denote sadness upon that account ; and accordingly this colour has, for mourning, been preferred by most people throughout Europe. The Syrians, Cappadocians, and Armenians, use sky colour, to denote the place they wish the dead to be in, *i.e.*, the heavens ; the Egyptians, yellow, to show that, as herbs being faded become yellow, so death is the end of human hope ; and the Ethiopians, grey, because it resembles the colour of the earth, which receives the dead."

I much regret that space will not permit my giving in full, more copies of the epitaphs of men—illustrious sons of Hull—lying in and about the venerable fabric of Holy Trinity, especially as I intend to notice some memorials of the sister Church of St. Mary ; therefore, I must summarise the other worthies, whose dust lies mouldering here.

In the Choir is a remarkable stone figure of a lady, with her hands clasped in prayer, which was discovered a few years ago by some workmen, who were about to erect a mural monument. It was in a shrine built up in the south wall of the Transept, and on the east side of the door, at the back of which, was a three-light window, now restored. The figure is at present in the beautiful Broadley Chapel.

In the centre of the floor of this chantry chapel, a diamond-shaped brass tablet has been inserted, the inscription on which sets forth, that "in the vault beneath are interred the remains of Elizabeth Broadley, who died in 1798, aged 58 ; Charlotte Broadley, who died in 1807, aged 52 ; Robert Carlisle Broadley, Esq., of Ferriby, who died in 1812, aged 74 years ; the Rev. Thomas Broadley, M.A., of Ferriby, who died in 1851, aged 57."

On the north side of the Transept is an elaborate marble mural monument, to the memory of Mark Kirby and his wife Jane. The former died in 1718, the latter, 1686. The same tablet also contains the names of all their family, including Mary, wife of Richard Sykes; their eldest son Richard; their second son Christopher; their third son Mark, &c.

On the walls of the Choir and Transept are a variety of monuments, to the Rev. Nicholas Anderson, twenty-seven years Vicar of Holy Trinity; Sir Geo. Baker, Kt., who died in 1667. A beautiful basso relievo monument to the Rev. J. Milner, M.A., (originally a weaver) Author of "The Church of Christ," Master of the Grammar School for upwards of thirty years, and Vicar of Holy Trinity, who died in 1797, aged 53; several members of the Maister and Broadley families; several ancient merchants, as Hollingworth, Somerscales, Stubbs, Sandwith, Shipman, Harrison, Skinner, Gleadow, Porter, Smyth, &c.; a modern marble monument, (by Earle) presented by the Corporation of Trinity House in memory of their benefactor, Alderman Ferries. Thomas Ferries is said to be a native of Egton-in-Danby, in the north of Yorkshire. By his will he left an annuity for the Minister of Gladesdale Chapel, in the Parish of Danby, and for the repairs of that chapel; and a small annuity to the church-wardens of Danby Parish. There is a tradition in the neighbourhood of Danby, that Ferries in his early life was crossing the River Esk, by stepping-stones, he fell in and was nearly drowned; that he made a vow, that if ever he was able he would build a bridge there. He was then a poor lad.

In a guide book to the district, it appears that Ferries carried out his pledge, for there is at the present time, a bridge with one arch, and is generally known as the "Beggar's Bridge," and bears the initials of Ferries, and the date 1621. This grand benefactor was born about the year 1568; was apprenticed to a



Mr. Thos. Humphrey, of Hull, shipowner, and in his will he records his gratitude for the blessings received since his coming to this port. He became master of a coasting vessel, and continued at sea about 18 years. In 1603, he was admitted a younger Brother of the Trinity House. In 1612, he erected a wall round the western portion of Holy Trinity Church, which had previously been open. In 1613, Ferries was made an Assistant of the Trinity House. In 1614, he was Sheriff of Hull; three years afterwards he became an Elder Brother, and was elected Warden of the Trinity House; and in 1620, filled the office of Mayor of Hull. It was whilst he was Mayor, that Ferries gave to the Trinity House, in aid of the charities connected with it, the estate called the "Whitefriars," then of the value of £50 per annum; at the present time it is worth upwards of £4,700. Miss Popple, of Welton, is closely connected to the late Alderman Ferries, the successful sailor, who provided a "harbour of refuge," for worn-out seamen of his adopted town.

There is likewise a beautiful marble memorial (by Behnes) to Dr. Alderson; one to J. C. Parker, Esq., J.P.; one (by Earle) to the Gray family; one to the Appleyard family; a bust (by Keyworth) of W. Woolley, Clerk of the Peace, and several others. At the north end of the Transept is a stone coffin dug up in 1835. It had no lid. Within the communion rails is a sepulchral slab to Mason the Poet's mother, who died in 1727; also one to Alderman Skinner, who died in 1680; and Edward Richardson, once Mayor of Hull. Several of the stones in the floor of the church have large emblazoned coats of arms, and some have had brasses inserted. Amongst the slabs in the floor of the Choir, are those of Alderman Bylt; J. Smyth, grandson of Admiral Sir Jeremiah Smyth; John Skinner, merchant; Samuel Saltönstall, Esq., who died in 1612; Sir John Lister, the elder, twice Mayor of Hull, who died in 1612; the Revd. Joseph Milner; Thomas Dalton,

thrice Mayor of Hull, "merchant of the staple and adventurer," who died in 1590; Francis Dewick, Mayor of Hull, merchant adventurer, who died in 1663; Richard Wood, "woollen draper, some time Mayor of this town," who died in 1662; "the worshipful John Forcett, grocer, who departed this life on the 30th of February, 1685, in the 64th year of his age, he being then Mayor of this corporation;" William Ramsden, sometime Deputy to the Right Worshipful Company of Merchant Adventurers of England, Alderman, and twice Mayor of Hull, and Member of Parliament for the borough, who died in 1680; John Ramsden, twice Mayor of Hull, who died in 1637, alluded to elsewhere; William Foxley, twice Mayor of Hull, died in 1680; Richard Hargrave, died in 1762; and numerous others. In the floor of the Transept are grave stones, which have been removed from the south side of the churchyard, inscribed to Wm. Crowle, son of Alderman George Crowle, who died in 1750; Anthony Mason, Mayor of Hull, died 1697; Thomas Johnston, merchant, twice Mayor of Hull, died in 1700; Mark Kirby, merchant, died 1718, and other members of that once important and flourishing family. Amongst the modern epitaphs are those to members of the family of Peck. I may here mention, that in the south-west corner of the Transept, is a splendid three-light window, in stained glass, in memory of Thomas and Hannah Peck, 1870. It represents the Saviour on the Mount, of beatitudes; raising Jarius's daughter; and, on the third compartment, healing the man with the palsy.

There are tablets also, to the memory of the families of Keightley, Shaw, Dean, Champney, Kirk, Constable, Young and Marshall. Amongst those on the walls of the Aisles of the Nave, many of which have been re-arranged, are those of Dr. Chambers, historian, died in 1785, aged 80 years, "after 60 years extensive and disinterested practice;" Alderman Rd. Gray, merchant, twice Mayor of Hull, died in 1727, in

his 96th year ; Christopher Chapman, foreman mason, died in 1615 ; Alderman John Field, merchant, Mayor of Hull, died 1689 ; Joseph Ellis, Mayor of Hull, died 1683 ; " the worshipful Humphrey Duncalf, alderman, Mayor of this incorporation, *anno dom.* 1668, woollen draper," died in 1683 ; Alderman William Popple, died in 1691 ; Major John Sheddon, died in 1840 ; Thomas Earle, merchant, died in 1834 ; Revd. Wm. Wilson, Master of the Grammar School, died in 1836 ; William Stubbs, died in 1840, &c., &c. In the floor at the west end, near the font, is a slab inscribed to John Baker, pewterer, who died in 1710, in his 78th year. This is supposed to be the tomb stone of that famous personage who figured so conspicuously during the great rebellion and known by the *soubriquet* of the " protestant tinker." In the floor of the Nave are several stones inscribed to members of the families of Hadley, Earle, Vause, Mason, Perrott, Webster, Lazenby, Melling, Hutchinson, Walker, Kennedy, Green, Maister, Prickett, Raikes, &c., &c. And, lastly, here lies interred Wm. de la Pole, ancestor of that family that rose from knights to baronets, " barons, earls, dukes, princes, even to the foot of the throne." He was originally a High-Street merchant, and entertained Edward III., in 1332, on his way to the north, when that monarch knighted him in consideration of the magnificent reception he had met with. Subsequently a strong attachment sprung up between them, particularly through pecuniary services rendered by Sir William, who in time became first gentleman of the bedchamber, Lord of Holderness, and Baron of the Exchequer. Before his demise, he founded a " monastery and an hospital," known as the Charter House, which was completed by his son Sir Michael de la Pole.

The only ancient bust in the church is that of the Rev. Thomas Whincup, mentioned in Gee's will. It is on the south side of the Choir. The inscription

is in Latin, and nearly obliterated. The English translation runs thus :—

“Stop traveller, whoever thou art, and look upon him, now dead, who, when alive, it was most useful for thee to imitate. Mr. Thomas Whincup: an eminent example of great learning, sound judgment, probity of life, indefatigable industry, charity, humanity, and piety, a faithful servant of God, an excellent divine, and one that worthily merited the love and remembrance of all good men; who, after he had served the Most High, above the space of 76 years, diligently executing the offices of an honest man, a prudent citizen, and a vigilant pastor, at last being full of years and honour, he resigned his soul to the Almighty, waiting for the resurrection of the body; who, tho’ now dead, yet liveth. All that remains. So, reader! as God’s glory is now his reward, so be his example thine.”

Mr. Whincup was Master of the Charter House, and Vicar of Hull 25 years.

Before proceeding to the Low Church, so called, I shall insert a copy of the will of that famous merchant, William Gee, who flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and was Mayor in 1573, it being so very remarkable and interesting. This is the substance of it :—

“WHEREAS, in the Scriptures, the great God has willed, by the Prophet, to say to Hezekiah, to make his will and put things in order, for that he must die, so I do now pray, and humbly beseech the great God, to confound and destroy all those men, lawyers, and others whosoever, to the Devil, in the Pit of Hell, which do, or shall do, or take upon them to alter this my will. Amen. Good Lord, Amen! I bequeath for paying tythes forgotten, 20s.; to my son William Gee, £2,000; my son Walter, £200; to 12 poor men and as many women at my burial 10 pounds, to each of these one shilling, a piece of bread, cheese and drink, also a mourning gown; to my executors £150, to be bestowed on lands, for the which shall be yearly given to the poor people in Hull for ever, £6 13s. 4d., at the time and day of the year that I depart forth of this mortal world, for which they shall give thanks and honour to God, the most holy and blessed Lord, that openeth the heart of man to give some of his riches to the needy souls remaining in the world; for which I praise His great goodness that sent it to me, and give most hearty thanks, glory and praise, with my very heart and soul; 5s. a-piece to all my god-sons and god-daughters; £2 13s. 4d. to my neighbours of the same street to be cheerful with, and give thanks to my good God; £600 to Trinity Church, to be put out at 5 per cent, £4 yearly of the same to be expended on the said church, and the rest on St. Mary’s; to the town’s chamber £20; to them more £160, the interest of which Mr. Mayor and his brethren shall yearly lay out for corn, for the poor people, and if they do not, nor will do the same, that then the City of York have the money and do it for their poor. I bequeath and give to the town’s chamber the *maison Dieu*, and house that I built in Chapel-Lane, for the poor, by God’s permission, with the four tenements adjoining and two houses more in



*Anno Domini 1548*  
*Ætatis Sæ 45*



ALDERMAN GEE,

*(From a Painting on Wood in the possession of the Hull  
Grammar School Committee)*

“the same lane, that 10 poor old single women dwell in the said house,  
 “and that they and their successors have 4d. a-week paid them; like-  
 “wise I give and bequeath to the School of Hull, erected by me, the  
 “Grammar School, two houses in the butchery, for ever.”

All which premises his son William Gee, of Bishop Burton, and Mary his spouse did by deed confirm, settle, and convey to Joshua Field, Anthony Cole, John Lister, Marmaduke Haddlesey, Thomas Thackray, the Rev. Thos. Whincup, and Thomas Fowberry, school-master, their heirs and assigns for ever.

During some religious disturbances in Hull at the time of the Reformation, in 1575, the great east window overlooking the Market-Place was seriously damaged by the mob. They demolished the beautiful stained glass, and it all fell to the ground. This window contained historical scenes from the Bible. Ald. Gee, during his mayoralty, rebuilt it at his own expense. He was indeed a grand old merchant, philanthropist, and benefactor. A half life-size portrait of him is in the Grammar School. He appears habited in the quaint costume of the period.

The old records of the time state that Bishop Alcock was the first founder of the Grammar School. All his ancestors were sheriffs and mayors, and famous merchants of Hull. The School was founded upon his own lands, in 1486, that had descended to him from his grandfather, it being a great garden which he had bought of John Grimsby, merchant, in 1432. It was the custom in those days to build their chantries, or chapels, and schools and such like, in the town where they were born. In 1484, he “founded and built a little chappel upon the south side of St. Trinity Church, in Hull, joining upon the great porch, and dedicated it to the Holy Trinity, erecting two altars therein, the one to Christ, and the other to St. John the Evangelist, and therein and thereat, fixed a perpetual chanter or chantier to chant psalms and prayers, every day, for the souls of King Edward V., his own parents, and

for all christian souls, which he endowed with £14 6s. 4d. a year, issuing out of houses and lands in Hull, Keilby and Bigby. About 14 years after this, awhile before his death, at the earnest request of Alderman Dalton—who married one of his sisters—he founded a great free school, in the sayd town, and endowed it with £20 a year, out of which, the master was bound to pay 40s. a year to the clerk of Trinity Church, to teach boys to sing; and to give yearly, to ten of the best scholars in the school, 6s. 8d. a piece, if the revenues and other exigencies would allow of the same; and all children coming to the sayd school, were to be taught *gratis*. All which charities were ruined and lost in Edward VI's days, and the school and school-house pulled down and sold."

In the south corner of the Nave is interred Joseph Chapman, who died October 14, 1817, aged 67 years. This benevolent individual left sums of money amounting to upwards of £8,000, the interest of which is annually expended for various charitable purposes; amongst others, the weekly distribution of bread to poor persons, immediately after the morning service; likewise a presentation of 19 guineas to 19 widows on Christmas day, in each year.

After a long and tedious search, I think I have discovered the resting place of Alderman William Coggan, Coggin, or Cogan, merchant, who founded the girls' School in Salthouse-Lane, and was Mayor of Hull in 1717, and 1736. I had long entertained the belief, that, when a boy, I had read the name on the top flagstone of a brick vault in Holy Trinity churchyard, on the south side, near the Market-Place, and in close proximity to the chantries; but no one could corroborate or confirm my long cherished idea. However, on inspecting a plan of tombs and graves, prepared by the late Mr. Jno. Barton, vestry Clerk of the Church of Holy Trinity, with copies of all the legible inscriptions in the churchyard, taken in December, 1860, or February





ALDERMAN COGAN.

*(From the original painted on Glass in the possession  
of the Hull Charity Commissioners)*



1861, and preserved with the other Parish Registers, I found it recorded that this vault was opened and removed. There were three coffins found within (decayed) with inscriptions, and on one the following words :—"Mary his wife, sister to Samuel Watson, who died in January 1775, aged 65 years. This tomb renewed in 1812, by Sir Henry Etherington, Bart., John Sykes, Esq., and Joseph Eggington, Esq., Alderman and Trustee to the will of *the above named* Alderman Cogan." Consequently, this seems conclusive evidence that the vault was cleared away with others in 1862. It seems very strange that there is no monument or tablet, to point to passers by, that once here laid the benefactor, William Cogan! Verily, there is much force in the words of the poet, when he exclaimed that "we praise the gift, but let the gifted die."

I understand that the will of this gentleman is read once a year in St. Mary's Church, publicly, therefore it is unnecessary to repeat it here.

On the same portion of ground was a flat stone, on which was inscribed "Here lieth the body of Mrs. Ann Wood, who died April 24th, 1756, aged 84 years. Also, the body of the worshipful John Wood, Alderman, twice Mayor of this Corporation, who departed this life June 25th;" age and year effaced.

On the north side of the graveyard was a vault to the memory of Thos. Smith Meggitt, painter, who died 19th November, 1842, and the following verse :—

"For social intercourse was kindly prized,  
His temper, like his colours, harmonized;  
In decorative art he greatly shone,  
Whilst modest merit held him for her own."

Near to this was a headstone inscribed, "Sacred to the memory of William Atkin, master mariner of this port, who died suddenly, Oct. 12th, 1816, aged 35 years;" also the following lines :—

"Stop passengers and read my stone,  
Consider how soon I was gone;  
Death does not always warning give—  
Therefore, be careful how you live."

In the immediate neighbourhood was a vault, with the following inscription:—Here lies deposited the body of Mary Stainton, the wife of Robert Stainton, Esq., warehouseman of the Ordnance at this Garrison, who died on Monday, 19th December, 1817, aged 74 years, who had lain nine days, preceeding her death in a state of apoplexy, without sensation, motion, sustenance or pain, apparently dead; a gentle pulse and respiration only continued; the body was interred on Saturday 19th, following. Reader, be ye ever mindful of death: life is even a vapour which shineth a little time, then vanisheth, and is succeeded by eternity. Also, here is deposited the body of the said Robert Stainton, Esq., who departed this life the 19th day of April, 1824, aged 85."

Lower down, nearer to Trinity House-Lane, is a headstone, "Sacred to the memory of Richmond Tomlinson, who was killed by the explosion of the *Union Steam Packet*, June 7th, 1837, aged 53 years.

Alas! it grieves the human heart  
Much more than words can tell  
When those we love are called away,  
Ere they can bid farewell."

Near to the above was a gravestone with the following words, "In memory of Francis Stott, who died 18th January, 1809, aged 66 years.

Remember me as you pass by,  
As you are now, so once was I,  
As I am now, so you must be—  
Therefore prepare to follow me."

There was a large brick vault in the north-western portion of the churchyard, containing the family of the Horncastles. In it is laid William Horncastle, elder brother, and five times warden of the Trinity House of this port, who died September 15th 1827, aged 76 years.

At the west end of the graveyard is an epitaph on a headstone, "In memory of Thomas Simpson, of this town, master mariner, who departed this life, the 8th December, 1807, aged 34 years," and the following curious lines:—

"Tho' Boreas' blasts and Neptune's waves  
Have tossed me to and fro,  
Yet by God's decree,  
I harbour here below—  
Where I do safe at anchor ride,  
With many of our fleet;  
Yet once again I must set sail,  
My Admiral Christ to meet."

Not far from this is a headstone, having inscribed thereon "In memory of George Pearson, who died March 10th, 1842, aged 65 years," and the following admonition:—

"What faults you've seen in me, strive to avoid—  
Search your own hearts, and you'll be well employed."

There are also brick vaults containing the family of the Cooks; one belonging to the Kirk family; another to the Metcalfs; another to the Martin family, shipowners; and in another is laid the Hon. Francis Thistleton Thompson, brother to the Right Hon. Lord Saye and Sele, who married Elizabeth, the daughter of Joseph Thompson, Esq., who departed this life the 4th January, 1793, aged 56 years; also the Hon. Elizabeth Thistleton Thompson, wife of the Hon. Francis Thistleton Thompson, who died February 18th, 1862.

Near to the above is a vault to the Blanchard family; and close to the door, at the western entrance to the church, in a vault, are deposited the remains of Ellen, daughter of William Chambers, M.D., who died November 16th, 1819, aged 68 years; also the body of William Bell, who departed this life on the 4th of November, 1826, aged 26 years—

"Look, O look on this stone—  
Young, gay, and careless—altered to this,  
And boast not thyself of to-morrow."

On the south side of the church, was a vault containing the remains of Frances Susannah, wife of John Booth, Esq., who departed this life 13th May, 1771, aged 58 years; Ann, the wife of Benjamin Haworth; John Booth, Esq.; and Benjamin Haworth and John Booth Haworth,

Another close by contains the remains of Caius Thompson, who departed this life Feb. 28th, 1774, aged 41 years; Ann Thompson, relict of the above; Deborah, daughter of same, and of Caius, son of Caius and Ann Thompson, who died September 3rd, 1840, in his 71st year.

Near the Vicar's Porch, in a vault rest the remains of John Pickard, white lead manufacturer, who died the 16th day of October, 1801, aged 79 years; John Kirkly Pickard, Barrister-at-Law, and Deputy Judge of the Court of Record of this borough, who died on the 24th day of April, 1839, aged 71 years; and John Kirkly Pickard, who died on the 5th day of July 1843, aged 77 years, &c.

I must now bring my notices of epitaphs in and about Holy Trinity Church to a close. To quote all the names of the illustrious dead, would fill a volume larger than the space allotted in this work; but perhaps I am only the pioneer, preparing the way for some future historian to complete the task I have undertaken with pleasure, but attended with considerable difficulty on account of my numerous public engagements, and the exactions of my business avocations.

In taking leave of Holy Trinity and its ancient graveyard, I may be found fault with for dwelling so long on what will be considered by some persons, a gloomy subject; but, I would ask, who does not feel a sorrowful comfort come over his mind, as he stands reading the names chronicled on tombstones, and receives the solemn warnings and teachings of the cities of the dead? In the words of an eminent old writer:—  
“All that nature has prescribed must be good; and as death is natural to us, it is absurdity to fear it. Fear loses its purpose when we are sure it cannot preserve us, and we should draw resolution to meet it, from the impossibility to escape it.”

“And so to live, that when the sun  
Of our existence sinks in night,

Memorials sweet of mercies done  
 May shrine our names in memory's light;  
 And the blest seeds we scattered, bloom  
 A hundred fold in days to come."

We will now proceed to notice some of the historical names to be found in the Church and graveyard of

### ST. MARY.

"Low Church," is so called from being situated in Low Marketgate, as Holy Trinity is called "High Church," from being in—what was formerly termed—the High Marketgate.

For the earliest notice of this ancient edifice, we are indebted to the will of William Skayl, in 1327, which contains the following words—" *Capella b'e Virg' Marie.*" It is thought that it was either built or enlarged at that time, as it is described in a license granted by Archbishop Melton to the Prior and Brethren of North Ferriby on the 3rd December, 1333, as being *newly built* ("*de novo constructa.*") The object of the license was to sanction the performance of Divine worship in the chapel, and the rites of sepulture in the chapel and chapel-yard, on account of its distance from the mother church, of North Ferriby, to which it belonged. The Chapel of St. Mary was originally built merely for the use of the parishioners of North Ferriby, who occasionally resided in Hull. When or how it became separated from the mother church, none as yet have been able to say. The first time it is mentioned as the distinct parish of St. Mary, is in the Act of Resumption of 7th and 8th Edward IV., wherein a house formerly belonging to the Earl of Northumberland, is described as "an house in Kyngeston-upon-Hull, in the parish of our Ladye." In Hollar's plan of Hull, the Church of St. Mary is scarcely discernible, for want of its tower, which is said by Tickell to have been thrown down by Henry VIII., on his visit to Hull, because it intercepted his prospect from

the Manor-house. Mr. Frost seems to think that it is more likely that it was removed for the purpose of extending the court-yard or inclosure of the Manor-house next to the street, in anticipation of the King's visit. The evident projection of the buildings in that particular part of Lowgate where the Manor-house stood, with other circumstances, shews that the street was then thrown more to the eastward, and over the precise spot where the Tower had once stood. When the foundation of the present Tower was laid in 1696, there were discovered "vast foundations of the old church, running quite across the street, under the Manor walls, and the coffins and skeletons of many persons." (Lansd. MSS.) The manuscript from which this account is taken, states, that King Henry not only caused the Tower, but the great body of the Church of St. Mary, to be "pulled down to the bare ground, *for the enlargement of his Manor*, and converted all the stone and wood work thereof to the walling of the same, and to the use of the Block-houses that he then caused to be made on the Garrison or Dripole side, so that there was nothing of the said church left standing but the Chancel, which was also not saved without great entreaties." (Id. fol. 291.) The new Tower, according to this document was completed in 1697.

The author of the MSS. also adds that "contributions were made by myself and many others, Mr. G. D., collector, leaving £50 by his will to begin it, to make it look like other churches." Frost says, the initials G. D., are those of George Dickinson, who was collector of the customs at Hull, from 1694 to 1696, when he was succeeded by Hugh Mason, grandfather to the poet. The same year the Corporation gave £10 towards its rebuilding. It was erected at the west end of the church, of red brick, with stone facings. In 1618, the great bell of St. Mary's was given by Ald. Thos. Swan. In 1727, a peal of five new bells was hung in the Tower, by subscription, through the exertions of



William Wilberforce, Esq., who also secured for them a free passage by sea from London—he being one of the churchwardens of St. Mary's at that time. Through the influence of Mr. G. Hudson, Vestry Clerk, a sixth bell was added, in 1843, by private subscription. The graveyard was closed for burials in 1849, (the cholera year.) In 1860, the church underwent a thorough restoration, both internally and externally, and was finished in 1863. The galleries, which blocked up the windows in the north and south Aisles, and the Arch in the Tower were removed, and a new Aisle was built on the south side of the church, in order to provide sittings in the place of those which were lost by the removal of the galleries. In the new south Aisle, an organ chamber was built, as well as a commodious vestry. A handsome Porch was also built to take the place of the old one, which had been previously pulled down. The Tower, which was raised about 20 feet, was faced with stone, and had new windows, pinnacles and doors made in it. In the lower story a way was cut through, and a groined passage made for the convenience of foot passengers. The whole exterior of the church was faced with stone, and pinnacles were added in all the places where they had formerly stood.

In the interior, the whole of the church was re-seated with open seats of oak; a Chancel formed in the east end of the Nave or middle Aisle, by metal screens; the roof thoroughly restored, covered with pitch pine and stained; the Tower Arch opened out; a Gallery built in the Tower for the school children, and the floor laid with red and black tiles, in various designs.

The churchyard, which was, before the restoration, three feet above the base of the walls of the edifice, was levelled and surrounded by a new red brick wall, surmounted by a wrought-iron pallsade; the roads on the south and east of the church being widened for the benefit of the town by the Local Board of Health.

The church was re-opened by William, Lord Archbishop of York, and Charles Perry, Lord Bishop of Melbourne, on the 27th August, 1863, at which time and subsequently, the following gifts were made to the church:—a new Font of stone,\* by subscription; a stained glass Window, of two lights, in the new Aisle, by Miss Elizabeth Moor, subject—"Jesus and Mary of Bethany;" a carved oak Lectern, by the Children of the late lamented Rev. John Scott, M.A.; a carved oak Sedilia, by the Rev. G. W. H. Taylor, M.A., and a Bishop's Chair by the late Edwin Davis, Esq., during his shrievalty year. At Christmas, 1867, the great east window was filled with stained glass, by subscription, in memory of the late Rev. John Scott. The east window of the south Aisle, was filled with stained glass by Mrs. Harbord, subject—"The Ascension." At the Easter Vestry in this year, the church was declared FREE to the parishioners. The advowson of the living, formerly in the hands of Abel Smith, Esq., M.P., came into the possession of the family of the late Rev. John Scott, in 1864. Subsequently the Ecclesiastical Commissioners declared the church a Vicarage. The stained glass window, of four lights, at the east end of the new south Aisle, was given by the family of the late Joseph Robinson Pease, Esq., together with a brass memorial tablet, recording the date aforesaid, &c., subjects—"St. Peter preaching," "St. Stephen martyred," "St. Philip baptising the Eunuch," "St. Paul celebrating the Eucharist at Troas." The stained glass window, three lights, was given by the family of the late Jonathan and Elizabeth Walker, to their memory, subject—"The Blessed Virgin & Child, with the Shepherds and Magi adoring."

The four old shields, of stained glass, were restored to their position in the east window by E. S. Wilson, Esq.,—(1) De la Pole and Wingfield; (2) Earl of Salisbury, Lord of Cottingham, [the "bars wavy," have been taken from another shield, now lost, and put

into this]; (3) the Royal Crown of England, from 1405 to 1603; (4) the Arms of Kingston-upon-Hull. In 1869, the two stained glass windows, completing the south Aisle of the church, representing "Jesus teaching from the Ship," and "The Sermon on the Mount," were given by the Rev. Thomas Scott Bonnin; the gift is memorialised on a brass tablet. In 1870, a brass Altar Desk was presented by Jno. Fearne Holden, Esq., with the inscription—"To the Glory of God, and Memory of a beloved Brother, Lent 1870." The beautiful Reredos, of white Caen stone, was decorated in colours by Messrs. Clayton and Bell of London, the three centre panels being filled with a fine fresco painting of "The Institution of the Sacrament," given by the family of John Egginton, Esq. In 1871, the west window of the new south Aisle was presented by Chas. Henry Wilson, Esq., Sheriff, in memory of his father, the late Thomas Wilson, sometime churchwarden of St. Mary's. The subjects are—"the Annunciation," "the Salutation," "the Nativity," and "the Presentation in the Temple." The present year (1872) a small window has been inserted in the south Porch, in memory of Captain Lempriere's two little children, who died lately, by several of the young men and other members of the congregation, as a mark of sympathy with one from whom so many have received acts of kindness and words of sympathy. It represents the scene from St. Matthew,—“Jesus called a little child unto Him.” The initials—P. E. L. and F. E. L.—are introduced, one in each light, with the inscription—"In memory of Everard and Francis, children of Percy and Ella Lempriere."

The aggregate value of the memorial windows in the church amounts to over £1000.

From "a true note and terrier" of houses and lands belonging to the perpetual curacy of St. Mary, I find that one John Jefferson of Hull, boatman, by his will bearing date 1769, gave, after the death of Sarah his

wife, the house, garth, and grounds, fronting the graveyard, being number 53, Lowgate. The ground on which the buildings are erected contains 272 square yards. Eleanor Scott, of Kingston-upon-Hull, widow, by her will bearing date 1717, gave, after the death of her sister-in-law, Hannah Billington, a messuage in the High-Street, "to the use and behoof of the Parson of the Low Church," and to his successors for ever, which is at present occupied by the Messrs. Binney, and 50 acres of land, freehold, situate at Great Cowden. This was purchased in 1817, for £1,700, of which, £500 was bequeathed by Joseph Rennard, Esq., in 1808; £100 contributed by the then patron, Saml. Thornton, Esq., and the rest by the Governors of Queen Ann's Bounty. In 1868, a piece of land was given by Mrs. Scott, to the Vicar for the time being of St. Mary's Church, and his successors for ever, for the purpose of building a Parsonage.

There are belonging to the church, the following ancient silver articles:—

One Chalice or Cup, with Cover, Silver-gilt, given by Thos. Grathorn, in the year 1620.

Two Chalices or Cups, with Covers; Two Pattens or Salvers—Silver—One large Dish—given by John Swan, in the year 1638, each bearing the same inscription, viz:—"Donum Domini Johannes Swan, Mercatoris, 1638."

One large Chalice—Silver—given by Sir John Lister, in the year 1640, with the inscription:—"The gift of Sir John Lister, to the Church of Saint Maries, in Kingston-upon-Hull, 1640."

Two large Flagons—Silver—given by Geo. Dickinson, in the year 1695, bearing the inscription—"The Gift of Mr. Geo. Dickinson, Junr., late Collector of his Majesty's Customs, for the use of the Communion Table of the Parish Church of St. Maries, in Hull, Feb. 1st, 1695."

One small Plate—Silver—given by Geo. Dickinson, in the year 1746.

In 1864, a Vestry Table, given by Miss Anna Dixon, in memory of her brother. Two Footstools for the Chancel, worked and presented by the family of Sir Henry Cooper. The Rev. John Scott, deceased in 1865, left to the vestry about 250 volumes. There

is also an ancient library of valuable books. The following are the names of persons that have bequeathed sums for the use of the poor of St. Mary's parish :— William Popple, Alderman William Ramsden, Robert Trippett, Robert Stephens, Catherine Dunn, Elizabeth Spacey, Thomas Hawkins, Jane Gault, Elizabeth Harris, John Marshall, T. Hewson, and J. Rennard.

It is rather remarkable that sculptured stones of an ecclesiastical character were found in the walls of the north Blockhouse when demolished in 1802 ; and in excavating the locks of the Victoria dock, in 1850, a similar stone was dug up from the foundation of an old wall which formed part of the fortifications from the north Blockhouse to the Castle. This latter, together with the remains of a window head from the old Manor Hall, is in the museum of the Literary and Philosophical Society of this town. Moreover, when the magazine was demolished, in 1863, the stone forming the pillars and arches of the entrance were found to have belonged to some ecclesiastical building. The sculptured stones that had been turned in and not exposed to the action of the elements were sound and perfect. This evidence confirms the statement that Henry VIII. destroyed a portion of St. Mary's Church for the enlargement of his Manor, and for building the Blockhouses which he had ordered to be constructed on the garrison side. It is also highly probable, as the church was considered scarcely inferior to Holy Trinity, that St. Mary's extended the same distance east and west from the Tower which appears to have been in the middle ; although it did not run so far eastward in its early days as it does at present by three bays. Tickell says, a considerable addition was made to the east end in 1588, the 30th year of Queen Elizabeth's reign. This is very manifest upon close examination of the newly added columns—the old ones being more massive and of a different style.

The whole edifice has lately undergone a thorough

restoration, and is acknowledged to be, externally and internally, one of the handsomest churches in Hull. The Tower is in four stages. In the west face of the second story is a beautiful three-light perpendicular window. The parapet is ornamental, and the height of the Tower to top of the pinnacles, at the angles, is 106 feet. There are no buttresses on the north side of the church, and those on the south side are finished with pretty crocketed pinnacles in the Perpendicular style. The new south Aisle is lighted by two four-light windows at the ends, two three-light, and a double window of two lights in the side. The Porch and Vestry occupy the other divisions. The Clerestory of the Nave is nearly all glass, having no less than twelve three-light windows on each side. The great east window is of seven lights, all, excepting the double one just mentioned, being of the Perpendicular period. The Porch is ornamented with perforated parapets. The interior is divided by three arcades of six moulded arches springing from clustered pillars. The roof of the Nave is of pitch pine richly ornamented, and those of the Aisle, organ recess and Vestry, are of the same material. The floor of the Chancel is ornamented with encaustic tiles. The great seven-light east window is said to have formerly contained, in stained glass, several armorial bearings of nobility locally connected. The furniture of the church is very elegant. The Communion Table is of polished oak. In the front of it is a brass tablet dedicated by the Rev. John Scott, M.A., "in pious remembrance of an honored father." The Reredos is beautiful in design and workmanship. The Pulpit is of richly carved oak from a design by Mr. G. Scott, the eminent Architect, and is the joint gift of Mary Jane Dossor, Eliza Fearne, and John Loft, in affectionate remembrance of J. G. Fearne, T. Loft, and R. A. Loft. In a recess at the east corner of the Aisle stands the organ a beautiful and powerful instrument. The Font is modern and richly sculptured.

Two of the windows on the south side have been filled with richly stained glass in memory of Mary Moor, presented by her brother and sister.

Having glanced at the principal features connected with the origin, restoration and general arrangement of this church, let us now proceed to its tombs.

Beneath the tower lies buried a mayor of Hull. The gravestone bears the following inscription:—  
 “Here lieth interred the body of William Mould, late merchant and alderman of Hull, who was twice mayor of the same town. He departed this life Feb. 26th, A.D., 1721, in the 66th year of his age.” Affixed to the north wall is a fine bust in memory of William Dobson, Esq., merchant and adventurer, and twice mayor of Hull, who died in 1616. He was buried in the north Aisle. The monument has recently been restored at the expense of Christopher Sykes, Esq., M.P., the deceased having been an ancestor of the late Lady Sykes. The inscription, in Latin, is thus rendered:—

“In memory of the Mayor of this Corporation, who was twice in that office, adorned in purple, bearing the sword and mace, as emblems of magistracy. It is difficult to say whether he (who had abilities suitable to his station) was a greater patron of justice, or severe revenger of any breach made upon it. But the position he held in the town was of no account, when laid in the balance with his great virtue. William Dobson was desirous to see people happy, and out of his riches he generously gave and distributed to pious uses, to purchase heaven, far more precious than any earthly treasure. He was devout, loyal, and hospitable, having a sincere love for God, the king, and his country; being adorned with these great virtues, he was well spoken of in this world, and there is no reason to doubt of his happiness in the other.”

A daughter of Ald. Dobson, above named, was married to Sir Henry Thompson, late of Middlethorpe, Knight, sometime Lord Mayor of the City of York, who died 16th May, 1690.

Over the south door is an elegant memorial of the Rev. John Scott, M.A., son of the great commentator Thomas Scott, upwards of 30 years vicar of North Ferriby, and 18 years minister of this church. This elegant monument is of white marble. In the centre

is a bas relief likeness of the deceased. In one corner is a prayer book and the communion vessels, and underneath is an affectionate inscription. He died in 1834, and his remains are interred within the communion rails. Near this monument is a tablet inscribed to Sir Samuel Standidge, Knight, who died in 1801. In the year 1795 he was chosen chief magistrate, when an attempt was made on the life of his majesty George III. Mr. Standidge was entrusted with two congratulatory addresses to the King on his deliverance from the hand of the would-be assassin—one from the Corporation, and the other from the Brethren of the Trinity House. He was introduced to the King, at a levee, by the Duke of Portland, who was the Prime Minister of England, and received the honor of knighthood.

On the south wall, near the organ, is a brass plate—in fine preservation—on which are the effigies of a man, his two wives and three children, with these words appended :—“ Here lyeth John Harrison, scherman and alderman of this town ; Alys (Alice) and Agnes hys wyfes. Thomas, John and Wyllm, hys sonnes, whyche (of whom) John decessed (died) the v day of December, in the year of our Lord MDXXV, on whose soules Jhû (Jesu) have mercy. Amen.”

This personage was descended from the ancient family of the Harrisons of Yokefleet, that removed hither in the reign of Henry VII. He was Mayor in 1537. The first hospital in England, after the Reformation, was erected by order of his grandson, who was also Mayor in 1548, in Chapel-Lane, to maintain the poor of which he also endowed it. Buried on the south side of the Altar is the worshipful alderman Robert Trippet, merchant, and twice Mayor, who was married to Mrs. Mary Wilberforce, by whom he had 9 sons and 5 daughters, 10 of whom lie entombed near to this vault. He departed this life November 19th, in the the year 1707, in the 69th year of his age.



The following is a translation of the Latin inscription : —“ Every one of us should be in continued expectation of our last change; for there is no perfect felicity in this life, and death is only the happy messenger to conduct our souls to immortality.” Mr. Ald. Benjamin Blaydes is also interred in this church. He died in 1771, having been Governor of the Poor, once Sheriff, and thrice Mayor of Hull. He was the founder of the Hull and Hamburg shipping trade. (The late Joseph Gee was the last member of that eminent mercantile firm.) Dr. Charles Moss lies buried at the east end of the middle Aisle of the church. He died January 17, 1778, aged 47 years. The following lines are a paraphrase of the Latin inscription on his tombstone :—

“ You who come here to meditate  
Upon the soul's eternal state  
Take care; you're near the Dr.'s urn,  
Simply you may his ashes spurn,  
But treat his mem'ry not with scorn.  
He was a man of brightest parts,  
Knew languages, tho world, and arts;  
But tho' all did in him combine,  
In physic, chiefly, he did shine.  
So tender, so sincere his soul,  
'That none, who knew, but must condole.  
Each friend. to whom he seemed a brother,  
'Tis fit, should grieve with one another;  
Since his benevolence oft' cheer'd,  
As if for them he only cared.  
This marble stone, his mournful dear,  
In token of her love, plac'd here.

Within the rails rest the remains of Thos. Swan, “merchant adventurer, Mayor of this town, who departed in the mercy of God, the 20th January, 1629.” Near the Font is an inscription, “In memory of Mr. Bailey Marley, upwards of 62 years Organist of this church, who departed this life July 4th, 1820, aged 83 years. Near the Vestry “lieth the body of Robert Holles, Recorder, and benefactor to this church, who dyed September 4th, 1697.”

In another part of the church lie interred John de Colthorpe and his spouse. He was Mayor of Hull in

1866, and during his mayoralty the great Weigh-house was built over the "Haven."

In the churchyard near the Parish is a remarkably fine slab bearing an illustrious name that once figured conspicuously in the history of our town—that of Sir Robert Hildyard. It is a very elaborate gravestone with the crest of the family, a game cock thereon. The house which formerly belonged to the Hildyards was next to the King's Coffee-House, in High-Street. It was originally a most magnificent mansion, with a hall open to the roof in several places. It contained an old escutcheon supposed to have been the arms of John Tutbury, a great merchant, five times Mayor of Hull, in the years 1390, 1408, 1413, 1425, and 1432, who also resided here in his time. This Tutbury left by his will certain houses to the Corporation, described as near the house called *Lejons*. He was a liberal benefactor and contributor towards the building of St. Mary's and Holy Trinity. His arms were formerly in the Chancel of the former, and his arms and mark in the Chancel of the latter. There is no monument to record where he is buried. It may be truly said of him, that—

"Praises on tombs are trifles vainly spent;  
A man's own life is his best monument."

But to return to Sir Robert Hildyard. He was the son of Sir Christopher Hildyard and Privy Councillor to Charles I. He held the post of Colonel of the Foot, and Commander of Sir Marmaduke Langdon's Brigade of Horse. He was Major-general of all the Horse in England and Wales. During the civil war, when the Scots came into England and the King's army under the Duke of Newcastle lay encamped near them, a gentleman from the Scots' camp challenged any gentleman of the royal army to mortal combat. Sir Robert courageously accepted the challenge and bravely slew his adversary, for which he was knighted on the field. He was also with Charles at Oxford when that garrison

surrendered ; and, soon after the Restoration, was, for his faithful services and suffering for the royal cause, particularly at the battle of Marston Moor, created a Baronet. I do not know whether such loyalty and patriotism were in any way connected with the crest of the family—the pugnacious chanticleer.

It would require a very large volume to enumerate all the names of the good and great men of “mark and likelihood,” who have long since passed away from amongst us, whose troubles and trials in this world are over, and who are now resting in peace.

In looking on those grand old names on the graves of our fathers, I find they are a connecting link between the past and present—names, of which we have much reason to be proud, whose greatness and whose lives were made illustrious by their municipal philanthropy, patriotic loyalty, and universal goodness ; and in taking leave of the two ancient churches and their graveyards, which are the heritage of Hull, I am reminded by those sacred mementos of death, that the inhabitants of those cold, silent and cheerless tenements once lived and perhaps worshipped beneath the hallowed fanes of these stately edifices. Here they sleep “the tenants of the earth.” As my eyes fell upon the innumerable names cut on the sculptured slabs, I was reminded that time will bring us all to one low level, or, as the poet of nature so truthfully and touchingly remarks,—

“ Out brief candle !  
Life is but a walking shadow, a poor player,  
Who struts and frets his hour upon the stage  
And then is heard no more.”

Yes, such is time : “ he gradually takes, on credit, our youth, our joys, in fact all we have, and in return pays us with age, and ultimately after all our wanderings, shuts up the story of our day, consigning us to the dark and silent grave.” But we are reminded that we are spirits ; bodies are lent to us while they can afford

us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, and in doing good to our fellow-creatures ; but, by a benevolent act of God, when they become unfit for these purposes, and afford pain instead of pleasure, a way is provided, and death is that way ; it is the will of the Great Creator, and of nature that these mortal bodies be laid aside, when the soul enters into real life.

Let us then ever keep in remembrance, that—

“Crowns have their compass, length of days their date,  
Triumphs their tomb, felicity her fate ;  
Of nought but earth can earth make us partaker,  
But knowledge makes a man most like his maker.”

In conclusion, let me add that a visit to our graveyards now and then is good for meditation ; for, from the tombstone there may be learned many a sacred lesson. Death preaches with more effect, more power, and more eloquence than the surpliced orator ; and, although we may put off the day,

“To this complexion we all must come at last,”



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PAST POETS OF HULL.

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## *Past Poets of Hull.*

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**T**HE following pages have been compiled for the purpose of disproving an oft-repeated assertion that Hull has not, in times past, produced men remarkably gifted in literature, science or art. I shall therefore devote myself to the first, the rarest and most excellent of these three sisters—Poetry; and before I have concluded, I hope you will agree with me that our own native town has furnished a full share of the most gifted of the “children of song.” I have selected the names of those only who can fairly claim to be considered local poets, from their having been born in or connected with the town of Kingston-upon-Hull. I shall not attempt the ungracious task of discussing, or trying to discover which, among the names I mention, may be considered common-place, or which may be looked upon as superior to the others in their mental efforts. The task I have set myself is this,—to collect together all the memorials of past local genius, and, in the words of Montaigne, “I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of

my own but the thread that ties them." And in quoting these extracts, let us not forget that a florist does not reject from his garden bed the simple and common flowers because they are not of a rare production. Singly appearing, they may be of little attraction; but combined they all contribute to form the "gay parterre." So in the specimens I have selected, many of them may be considered of little importance; yet I think that altogether they become interesting when blended; especially so, from the names of the poets having connexion with our town. Besides, if we were to sit in judgment and pass sentence upon the compositions of the several authors, it would be impossible to give, as I intend, a biographical sketch of each.

Hull has produced no less than twelve poets, from whom I have succeeded in being able to give extracts as specimens of their genius, viz :—

ANDREW MARVELL.	NATHANIEL TUCKER.
DR. WITTIE.	BENJAMIN THOMPSON.
EDWARD THOMPSON.	ISAAC WILSON.
WILLIAM MASON.	GEO. PRYME.
T. BRIDGES.	REV. RICHARD PATRICK.
RALPH DARLING.	REV. T. BROWN.

There were two natives of Hull, who published volumes of poetry, copies of which I have not succeeded in obtaining, viz :—Hugh Ker Foster, who was the author of a work entitled "Parnassian Leaves," containing "Hal Deny's Wanderings," and other poems, which was published in 1828; and Thomas Hodgson who wrote a volume with this curious title—"Poems by Nobody, Jun."

A popular writer very truly says that there are some people who dislike poetry—they look upon it as ridiculous and unprofitable. These persons are, doubt-

less, totally ignorant of the fact that poetry is co-existent with a flourishing state and a prosperous people. Many of these stoical individuals have been heard to say in all self-sufficiency that the "art sublime," is of no earthly use or advantage. Such people are what is termed "hard headed." Their lives are solely devoted to mercenary profits. They have no ear for the music of a "babbling brook," unless it turns a very profitable mill—they hear no "sermons in stones" beyond those preached by the rattle of laden carts along our busy thoroughfares. These frozen utilitarians, no doubt, will likewise consider the innumerable birds that warble in the green bushes with all their beauty and sweetness, of no worldly good. They who do not like poetry think that the first Great Voice that pronounced all things good and beautiful is of no value in the great "commercial account." They do not consider that poetry is identified with all that makes man glorious and God visible. Poetry is to the soul what music is to the ear, and men who have no taste for either are much to be pitied. They are the worst possible companions—they are thorns in the side of all that refines, and dead to the beauties of nature.

Recently an attempt has been made by musical biographers to set music above poetry. As a rule, music as a source of amusement proves the more popular; yet the descriptive power of that art is feeble by the side of the articulate potency of poetic language, and cannot create as refined emotions. Lyric poetry will always be patronised by intellectual pleasure-seekers. Though seldom the author's name is mentioned, the poem survives; but music is soon forgotten after the popularity of the air has passed away. The delightful productions of Shakespere, Milton, Dryden, Pope and Addison will ever continue celebrated, famous and popular, although written in a day remote from our own. Poetry, in this as well as in other countries, formerly took precedence over prose in the



attempt to give permanent mental impressions or intellectual operations to the transactions of life ; for it is indelibly imprinted on the human mind. It kindles emotions in the breast when in its essence it appreciates all that is beautiful and sublime in nature and in art. Poetry, on account of its rhyme and metre was more easily remembered by our ancestors than prose writing. Memory was the principal repository for the records of bygone events. Hence, rythmical cadence was resorted to, in order to transmit the remembrance of fact and incident to persons who could not have been witnesses of their occurrence, in consequence of the lapse of time. In illustration of this we find that the earliest poetical productions were either devotional effusions or historical narratives. But it is almost superfluous to expatiate on either the delight or the utility of poetry ; for the subject has been well-nigh exhausted by superior hands. In this short composition, indeed, it is impossible for me to do justice to the charms of the goddess. The Supreme Being has implanted in man a love for poetry. In fact the greater portion of the sacred writings was originally written in poetry and verse ; and it is stated by the wise son of Sirach that amongst the most honorable of mankind were those “ who found out musical tunes and recited verse in writing.” Cowper says, that

“ In former days—  
 In a Roman mouth, the graceful name,  
 Of Prophet and of Poet was the same :  
 Hence British Poets too the priesthood shar'd,  
 And every hallow'd Druid was a bard.”

To Yorkshire belongs the honor of having produced the first person who attained to any celebrity by his compositions in the Anglo-Saxon language. For some centuries, during the infancy of our literature, no educated writer composed in the vernacular ; and Latin was deemed by learned men the only proper vehicle for conveying their ideas to others. Coedman, a monk

of Whitby, who flourished about the end of the 7th or beginning of the 8th century, broke the trammels of prejudice and custom—sang in his native tune and idiom, and, by the culture of his intellect, placed himself at the head of the class to which he belonged. The circumstances under which his talents were first developed, are narrated by Bede. He at one time acted in the capacity of a common cowherd, and was so much less instructed than most of his equals, that he had not even learnt any poetry. To his want of education, in all probability, may be attributed the circumstance of his writing in the common language of his country. One of the customs of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors was, that during supper each person in the hall should in his turn sing to the harp, verses either of his own composition or others that he had learned. As Sir Walter Scott in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" says :—

"No longer courted and caressed,  
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,  
He poured, to lord and lady gay,  
The unremediated lay."

These were times of great trial to Coedman, and it is stated that he was frequently obliged to retire to hide his incompetency. Indeed his lot was that of "no song, no supper." On one of these occasions, it happened to be our embryo poet's turn to keep guard at the stable during the night, and, overcome with vexation, he quitted the social group and retired to his post of duty, where laying himself down, he fell asleep. Whilst slumbering, he dreamt that a stranger saluted him by his name, and said, "Coedman, sing me something." Coedman answered, "I know nothing to sing, for my incapacity in this respect was the cause of my leaving the hall to come hither." "Nay," said the stranger, "but thou hast something to sing." "What must I sing?" said Coedman. "Sing the creation," was the reply, and thereupon Coedman began to sing verses "which he had never heard before." He then

awoke, and was not only able to repeat the lines he had made in his sleep, but he continued them in a strain of admirable versification. In the morning, he hastened to the town *reeve*, or bailiff of Whitby, who took him before the Abbess Hilda, and there in the presence of the learned men of the place told his story. They then expounded to him, in his mother-tongue, a portion of scripture, which he was required to repeat in verse. Coedman went home with his task, and the next morning produced a poem which excelled in beauty all that they had been accustomed to hear. He afterwards, at her earnest solicitation, became a monk in the house of the Abbess Hilda, transferred into verse nearly the whole of the Bible, and composed miscellaneous poems on various religious subjects, some of which have been preserved.

And now having shown that a native of Yorkshire was the first person who wrote Anglo-Saxon poetry, and attained celebrity by his compositions, I will now look at home, for I wish to give a short sketch of the personal history of the Hull Poets, accompanied by specimens of their writings. And first, I will proceed to notice one whose name must at all times and on all occasions claim precedence when alluding to the eminent men of Hull or elsewhere—I mean

### ANDREW MARVELL.

Yes! Marvell was a magnificent poet as well as an incorruptible patriot. But it is chiefly in his former capacity, as an acute, learned, and witty satirist we will speak of him. He was born at Winestead, in Holderness, on the 15th of November, 1620. His father, a pious clergyman, was a native of Cambridge, and M.A. of Emanuel College. Having taken holy orders, he was appointed Rector of Winestead, and afterwards elected Master of the Hull Grammar School. In 1624 he became lecturer of the Holy Trinity Church.

Andrew, after receiving the rudiments of education at the Grammar School, was, at the age of fifteen, admitted a student of Trinity College, Cambridge. He had previously to this evinced a decided taste for the acquisition of letters, and therefore made rapid progress. The disciples of Loyola, the order of Jesuits, hearing of the talents of Marvell, strove to make him a proselyte and enticed him to London. It coming to his father's ears that Andrew had left college, for he had not been long there, he immediately went to town in search of his son, and finding him at a bookseller's shop, persuaded him to return, and he was re-admitted on the 13th of December, 1638. At the early age of eighteen, he took the degree of B.A. Andrew continued at the university until the death of his father in 1640. The circumstances attending the death of Andrew's parent is of so melancholy and romantic a character, that perhaps I may be pardoned for introducing it. On the opposite shore of the Humber lived Madam Skinner, of Thornton College, a lady of exemplary virtue and good sense, between whom, and Mr. Marvell (the father) a close friendship subsisted. This lady had an only daughter, the emblem of her mother, which made the mother so fond of her child, that she could scarcely bear to let her go out of her sight. Yet, upon the request of Mr. Marvell, she consented for her to come to Hull, to stand god-mother to one of his children; but she was to return home the following day without fail. When the young lady came down to the water-side in order to recross, she found the wind very high, and the water so turbulent, that the boatmen earnestly endeavoured to dissuade her from crossing; but having promised her parent, and knowing her mother would be unhappy until she saw her again, she resolved to hazard her life rather than prolong the anxiety of a fond parent; upon which Mr. Marvell with difficulty persuaded some of the watermen to attempt the passage, proffering to accom-

pany them himself; and just as they put off, he flung his gold-headed cane on shore, urging some friends who attended them, if he perished, to give the cane to his son, and bid him remember his father. By these words he must have had some presentiment of his death. His fears were too justly founded, for the boat capsized soon after leaving the shore and all on board perished, nor were there any remains of them or the craft ever found. The mother of the young lady for a long time was inconsolable, but when her grief subsided, she reflected on young Andrew's loss, and determining to supply to him the want of a parent, she made him her heir, and bequeathed to him at her demise the whole of her property.—

Since I commenced the compilation of this work, I have had an opportunity of perusing the diary of Abraham de la Pryme, the old historian of Hull, and whilst narrating the melancholy drowning of Marvell's father, I am reminded of the following paragraph to be found in Pryme's work, which alludes to our noble estuary, the Humber. It is worth recording, and without further apology, before proceeding with our memoir, I insert it. He says, "Being Monday, 1695, I went to Hull—from Roxby to Barton, and from thence over the water, which is about five miles to Hull; we paid a groat for our passage, and a shilling for a horse. Hull is mightily improved since I saw it last; but it is a mighty factious town, there being people of all sects in it." Mr. Jackson, the editor of Pryme's Diary, in his notes concerning it, then quotes from a "*Tour thro' the whole Island of Great Britain, by a gentleman. 1st Edition, 1742,*" the following:—"There has been a ferry over the Humber from Barton to the mouth of the River Hull from very early times, probably prior to the foundation of Kingston-upon-Hull, by Edward I. A traveller, who is believed to have been none other than the author of '*Robinson Crusoe*,' crossed over this ferry a few years after Abraham de la Pryme was

there. He had not a pleasant passage. The writer of the Tour adds—There are some good towns on the sea coast, but I include not Barton, which stands on the Humber, as one of them, being a straggling, mean town, noted for nothing but an ill-favoured, dangerous passage or ferry over the Humber to Hull, where, in an open boat, in which we had about 18 horses, and 10 or 12 cows, mixed up with 17 or 18 passengers, we were about four hours tossed about on the Humber before we could get into the harbour of Hull.”—

Shortly after the death of his father, young Marvell left college to indulge his inclination for travelling. He spent four years in Holland, France, Spain and Italy. His first satirical poem was written in the “eternal city,” and entitled “Flecnoe, an English Priest at Rome.” Here too it was that Marvell first met Milton, from which circumstance, an acquaintance was formed between these illustrious men, which ripened into lasting friendship. Ten years afterwards, in 1652, when Marvell returned to England, Milton wrote him a letter of recommendation to President Bradshaw, in which he spoke of the patriotic poet as a person well fitted to assist him in his office of Latin secretary to Cromwell, adding that he was “a man of singular desert for the state to make use of.” As the letter is locally interesting, I will give it *in extenso*. It is inscribed to the Honourable the Lord Bradshaw:—

“My Lord,

“But that it would be an interruption to the public, wherein your studies are perpetually employed, I should now or then venture to supply this my enforced absence with a line or two, though it were onely my business, and that would be noe slight one, to make my due acknowledgements of your many favoures; which I both doe at this time, and over shall; and have this farder, which I thought my parte to let you know of, that there will be with you to-morrow, upon some occasion of business, a gentleman whose name is Mr. Marvile; a man whom, both by report and the converse I have had with him, of singular desert for the state to make use of; who alsoe offers himselfe, if there be any imployment for him. His father was the minister of Hull; and he hath spent four years abroad, in Holland, France, Italy, and Spaine, to very good purpose, as I believe, and the gaineing of those four languages; besides, he is a scholler, and well read in the Latin and Greek authors; and no doubt of an approved conversation, for he comes now

"lately out of the house of the Lord Fairfax, who was Generall, where he was intrusted to give some instructions in the languages to the Lady his daughter If, upon the death of Mr. Weckerlyn, the Council shall think that I shall need any assistance in the performance of my place (though for my part I find no encumbrances of that which belongs to me, except it be in point of attendance at Conferences with Ambassadors, which I must confess, in my condition, I am not fit for,) it would be hard for them to find a man soe fit every way for that purpose as this Gentleman, one who I believe, in a short time, would be able to do them as much service as Mr. Ascan. This, my Lord, I write sincerely, without any other end than to perform my duty to the publick, in helping them to an humble servant; laying aside those jealousies, and that emulation, which mine own condition might suggest to me, by bringing in such a coadjutor; and remaine,

My Lord,

Your most obliged, and

Faithfull Servant,

February 21, 1652.

JOHN MILTON."

This letter failed to procure him an immediate appointment. However, in 1654, Cromwell engaged him as preceptor to his nephew. As the times turned, it is probable that the patronage of the Lord President would have been rather injurious than beneficial to his prospects, for Bradshaw was opposed to Cromwell, by whom he was deprived of the Chief-justiceship of Chester. In 1654, when Milton's famous second defence of the People of England in reply to Salmasius appeared, Marvell was commissioned to present the book to the Protector. How he was received may be conjectured from a letter to Milton on that occasion, which I here insert entire :—

"HONOURED SIR,

"I did not satisfy myself in the account I gave you of presenting your book to my Lord; although it seemed to me that I wrote to you all which the messenger's speedy return the same night would permit me: and I perceive that by reason of that haste, I did not give you satisfaction, neither concerning the delivery of your letter at the same time. Be pleased, therefore, to pardon me, and know that I tendered them both together. But my Lord read not the letter while I was with him; which I attributed to our dispatch, and some other business tending thereto, which I therefore wished ill to, so far as it hindered an affair much better, and of greater importance—I mean that of reading your letter. And to tell you truly mine own imagination, I thought that he would not open it while I was there, because he might suspect that I, delivering it just upon my departure, might have brought in it some second proposition, like to that which you had before made to him, by

"your letter to my advantage. However, I assure myself that he has since read it with much satisfaction.

"Mr. Oxenbridge, on his return from London, will, I know, give you thanks for his book, as I do, with all acknowledgment and humility, for that you have sent me. I shall now study it, even to getting it by heart. When I consider how equally it turns and rises, with so many figures, it seems to me a Trajan's column, in whose winding ascent we see embossed the several monuments of your learned victories; and Salmasius and Morus make up as great a triumph as that of Decebalus; whom, too, for aught I know, you shall have forced, as Trajan the other, to make themselves away, out of a just desperation.

"I have an affectionate curiosity to know what becomes of Colonel Overton's business, [he was Governor of Hull, and became a fifth-monarchy-man] and am exceedingly glad to think that Mr. Skinner has got near you; the happiness which I at the same time congratulate to him, and envy, there being none who doth, if I may so say, jealously honour you than,

Honoured Sir,

Your most affectionate humble Servant,

Eton, June 2, 1654.

ANDREW MARVELL.

For my most honoured friend, John Milton, Esq.,

Secretary for Foreign Affairs,

At his house in Petty France, Westminster.

Marvell's letters are not cited as examples of composition, in which respect they are hardly worthy of his talents, but for the historical intelligence they convey, and the testimony they bear to the writer's integrity.

There is extant a letter of his to the Protector, rather more respectful than would please either a royalist or a determined republican. What part he took in the confused passages that ensued on Cromwell's death, we are not informed. He was elected member for his native town in 1660—in that Parliament which was destined to see the restoration of royalty. Though it is probable that he corresponded regularly with his constituents from his first election, whatever he may have written previous to the triumphal 29th of May, or in the busy era of intoxication which followed, has never been discovered. We cannot tell how far he approved the recall of Majesty, which he must have seen it vain to oppose,—whether he laboured to obtain those securities against the en-



croachments of prerogative, which the treacherous counsels of Monk induced the Convention to forego—what he felt on the violent revulsion of public feeling whereby Charles II. was enabled to establish a sway which nothing but his own indolence hindered from being despotic—or how he judged of the vindictive proceedings of the reinstated loyalists, which had well nigh bereft the world of Milton, and of ‘Paradise Lost.’ He might not choose to trust his sentiments on such subjects to paper, or he might sedulously reclaim and destroy writings which endangered others as well as himself. It may be necessary to remind the reader, that it was only by the communications of Members, that provincial constituents could then be made acquainted with what passed in Parliament. The publication of debates was at that time, and long after, really and strictly forbidden. Even in Dr. Johnson’s day, the standing order was evaded by reports under feigned names or initials. The Doctor himself published (if he did not compose) “Debates in the Senate of Lilliput.”

The earliest parliamentary epistle of Andrew Marvell is dated November, 1660, in which he laments the absence of his *partner*, Mr John Ramsden, and tells them he “writes but with half a pen, which makes his account of public affairs so imperfect; and yet he had rather expose his own defects to their good interpretation, than excuse thereby a total neglect of his duty.”

“Confiding in the unorganized valour of the English nation, and in the capacity of discipline which exists in every people, he once and for ever opposed a standing army, a species of force, which, had Charles I. possessed, he might have been as despotic as he would; which Cromwell possessing, kept the realm at nurse for a prince who, with equal means, could have done more than the worst of his legitimate or illegitimate predecessors. The purpose of the Puritans was to turn the whole blessed island into a Presbyterian paradise, in

which there was to be nothing but churches and churchyards ;—one to be filled with the living bodies of the saints, and the other with the hanged carcasses of their adversaries. The apostate royalists of the Restoration would have made England a bear garden, in which all vices were free, and from which nothing but piety was exiled. Marvell had seen a standing army, composed of more respectable materials than could easily be replaced, the instrument of one tyranny; and most wisely he opposed its continuance, when the same mass, compacted of baser atoms, might perpetuate a tyranny far worse than that which it succeeded. He conceived an army to be a giant body without a directing soul—a house to let, in which the long houseless demon of despotism might live at a nominal rent. But hear what Marvell said, nigh 200 years ago :—‘ I doubt not, ere we rise, to see the whole army disbanded; and according to the act, hope to see our town ungarrisoned, in which I should be glad and happy to be instrumental to the uttermost; for I cannot but remember, though then a child, those blessed days, when the youth of our town were trained for your militia, and did, methought, become their arms much better than any soldiers that I have seen since.’ Of the excise, he observed prophetically, ‘ he wished it might not be continued too long.’”

In 1615, when Milton became Secretary of State for Foreign affairs, he was appointed assistant Latin Secretary to the Commonwealth. He appears to have been first chosen in the short Parliament of 1658—9, summoned after the death of Oliver, during the brief protectorate of Richard Cromwell, and soon after dissolved to make way for the restoration of the Rump. But what he thought of the Restoration, or how the good townsmen of Hull (the first town which shut its gates against the sovereign of 1642, and which Governor Overton had but a little before refused to surrender) were affected by the revival of royalty, his letters do

not inform us. Perhaps it was not thought prudent that any record of his sentiments on that occasion should survive.

Marvell was never so much absorbed by politics as to forget business. He paid sedulous attention to the interests of his borough, and of each of his constituents, and watched narrowly the progress of private bills.

We cannot participate the surprise of some of Marvell's biographers at the tokens of respect which he and his partner received from the worthy Corporation of Hull. In acknowledging a donation of British beverage, Andrew writes thus (Letter 7th, Dec. 8th):—"We are now both met together, and shall strive to do you the best service we are able. We must first give you thanks for the kind present you have been pleased to send us, which will give us occasion to remember you often; but the quantity is so great, that it might make sober men forgetful."

"On the 29th of December the King in person dissolved the Parliament with a most gracious speech. All hitherto had gone smooth. The King signified, at parting, a great satisfaction in what had been done, and that it was very shortly his intention to call another Parliament. This dissolution did not interrupt his correspondence with Hull, neither did he quit London, or take any measures to secure his re-election, which doubtless he knew to be sure enough. His letters during the interval of Parliaments are chiefly taken up with *news*, among which the movements of the King and Royal Family occupy a conspicuous place. It would seem that the Mayor and Corporation of Hull did not take in a newspaper, though several had been issued during the civil war, particularly the *Mercurius Aulicus*, or Court Journal, and the *Mercurius Rusticus*, the reporter of the Republicans. It was, moreover, the practice of the Puritan clergy, in their prayers, to make a recapitulation of the events of the week, under

the form of thanksgiving, or remonstrance. The pulpit, in its bearings upon the people, then exerted the power which now belongs to the periodical press."

Reports were already growing rife of conspiracies in various quarters. "Still it is my ill fortune," says Marvell, "to meet with some rumour or other, (as I did yesterday at the Exchange,) of a plot against Hull, (I think indeed those have so that divulge such falsehoods,) but I am not failing to suppress any such thing where I meet with it. \* \* \* I saw, within this week, a letter from a person who dwells not in your town, but near, that your Governor was turning out all the inhabitants who had been in the Parliament's service; I believe one is as true as the other." It will not be forgotten, that Hull was a depot in which the Parliament placed much confidence, and where the Presbyterian interest was strong. In January, 1661, took place the mad insurrection of Venner and the Millenarians. To this Marvell cautiously alludes in his letter of 12th January, as "*an insurrection of rude and desperate fellows.*"

The new Parliament met on the 8th of May, 1661. Marvell was re-elected seemingly without opposition; but instead of Mr. John Ramsden, (who was probably related to William Ramsden the Mayor of Hull, to whom the earlier letters are addressed,) his partner was Colonel Gilby, who seems to have started on the court interest. Some unrecorded heart-burnings took place between the associates at the election, which ended in an open rupture, which did not, however, prevent Marvell from co-operating with the Colonel, when the good of their constituents required. April 6th, (Letter 14th,) he thus acknowledges his election, which had passed without his appearing or haranguing from the hustings:—"I perceive you have again' (as if it were a thing of course) 'made choice of me, now the *third* time, to serve you in Parliament; which as I cannot attribute to anything but your constancy, so

God willing, as in gratitude obliged, with no less constancy and vigour, I shall continue to execute your commands, and study your service.'"

During the years 1668, 69, 70, the public business becoming continually more pressing, and the King's wants more urgent, Marvell's letters bear more on the history of the period, and have less and less of biographical interest. Parliament refusing to grant more than £400,000, to be raised on wines, (an imposition very grievous to a monarch who sympathized with the privations of his wine-bibbing subjects), the King, dissatisfied with so scanty a supply, and yet more with the curious inquiries instituted as to the manner in which former grants had been applied, prorogued the Houses on the 11th of December, on which occasion Andrew piously prays, 'God direct his Majesty further in so weighty resolutions.' Parliament met again on the 14th of February, 1669—70. About this time there occur several epistles from Marvell to his friend Wm. Ramsden, which, though almost wholly political, express his observations on public affairs with a circumstantiality, and his opinions with a freedom, which the nature of his official correspondence precluded. It may not be unamusing to compare a few passages referring to the same occurrences: the business-like brevity and caution of the public document is admirable. If ever he takes a little flight, it is to pay a compliment to Majesty, which no one *need* understand ironically. Thus of the King's gracious recommendation to put a stop to the differences of the Houses in Skinner's business.—To *Mr. Henry Duncalf*, Mayor: —'Our house did unanimously vote the entry of this speech in our journal. A message was forthwith sent to desire leave to wait on the King, so that we have been twice at Whitehall in one morning, all infinitely satisfied with the King's justice, prudence, and kindness in this matter, and I doubt not but all good Englishmen will be of the same mind.' To Mr. William

Ramsden :—" When we began to talk of the Lords, the King sent for us alone, and recommended an erasure of all proceedings; the same thing you know that we proposed at first. We presently ordered it, and went to tell him so the same day. At coming down (*a pretty ridiculous thing*), Sir Thomas Clifford carried speaker and mace, and all members there, to drink the King's health, into the Kings cellar. The King sent to the Lords more peremptorily, and they, with much grumbling, agreed to the rasure."

"As a tempting title, in literary warfare, is half the battle, Marvell came out with his 'Rehearsal Transposed,' of which the full title runs thus :—'*The Rehearsal Transposed; or, Animadversions on a late Book entitled a Preface, shewing what grounds and apprehensions there are of Popery. London: printed by A. B., for the Assignees of John Calvin and Theodore Beza, at the Sign of the King's Indulgence, on the South side of the Lake Lemane, 1672.*' As we have no wish to revive the controversy, we shall merely give a few extracts, as specimens of Marvell's prose style—of his indefatigable wit, which approaches in quality to Butler, while he has, at times, a majesty of anger which entitles him to the appellation of a prose Juvenal. His reading was great and miscellaneous, and he lays it all under contribution. Of the invention of printing, he writes in the following cutting train of irony :—"The press (that villainous engine,) invented much about the same time with the Reformation, hath done more mischief to the discipline of our church than the doctrine can make amends for. It was a happy time, when all learning was in manuscript, and some little officer, like our author did keep the keys of the library—when the clergy needed no more knowledge than to read the liturgy, and the laity no more clerkship than to save them from hanging. But now, since printing came into the world, such is the mischief, that a man cannot write a book, but presently he is answered. Could the press

but at once be conjured to obey only an *imprimatur*, our author might not disdain, perhaps, to be one of its most zealous patrons. There have been wayes found out to banish ministers, to find not only the people, but even the grounds and fields where they assembled, in conventicles; but no art yet could prevent these seditious meetings of letters. Two or three brawny fellows in a corner, with meer ink and elbow grease, do more harm than a hundred systematical divines, with their sweaty preaching. And, what is a very strange thing, the very sponges, which one would think should rather deface and blot out the whole book, and were anciently used for that purpose, are become now the instruments to make them legible. Their ugly printing letters look like so many rotten tooth drawers; and yet these rascally operators of the press have got a trick to fasten them again in a few minutes, that they grow as firm a set, and as biting and talkative, as ever. O, printing! how hast thou disturbed the peace of mankind!—that lead, when moulded into bullets, is not so mortal as when formed into letters! There was a mistake, sure, in the story of Cadmus; and the serpent's teeth which he sowed were nothing else but the letters which he invented. The first essay that was made towards this art, was in single characters upon iron, wherewith, of old, they stigmatised slaves and remarkable offenders; and it was of good use, sometimes to brand a schismatic; but a bulky Dutchman diverted it quite from its first institution, and contriving those innumerable *syntagmes* of alphabets, hath pestered the world ever since, with the gross bodies of their German divinity. One would have thought in reason, that a Dutchman might have contented himself only with the wine-press."

For his transferring the name of Bayes from Dryden to his antagonist he says:—"But before I commit myself to the dangerous depths of his discourse, which I am now upon the brink of, I would with his leave

make a motion, that, instead of author, I may henceforth indifferently call him Mr. Bayes as oft as I shall see occasion; and that, first, because he hath no name, or at least will not own it, though he himself writes under the greatest security, and gives us the first letters of other men's names before he be asked them. Secondly, because he is, I perceive, a lover of elegancy of style, and can endure no man's tautologies but his own, and therefore I would not distaste him with too frequent repetition of one word; but chiefly because Mr. Bayes and he do very much symbolize in their understandings, in their humour, in their contempt and quarrelling, of all others, though of their own profession; because our divine, the author, manages his contest with the same prudence and civility which the poets and players of late have practised in their divisions; and lastly, because both their talents do peculiarly lie in exposing and personating the Nonconformists.

There is risen up this spiritual Mr. Bayes, who, having assumed to himself an incongruous plurality of ecclesiastical offices, one most severe of the penitentiary universal to the reformed churches; the other most ridiculous, of buffoon general to the Church of England, so that he henceforth may be capable of any other promotion. \* \* And not being content to enjoy his own folly, he has taken two others into partnership, as fit for his design as those two that clubbed with Mahomet in making the Alcoran. \* \* But lest I might be mistaken as to the persons I mention, I will assure the reader that I intend not Hudibras; for he is a man of other robe, and his excellent wit hath taken a flight far above these whifflers: that whoever dislikes the choice of his subject, cannot but commend his performance of it, and calculate if on so barren a theme he were so copious, what admirable sport he would have made with an ecclesiastical politician."



It is pleasant to read this acknowledgment of an enemy's merits, which shows that Marvell loved wit for its own sake, without looking at the party from which it proceeded. But it must be recollected that his "withers were unwrung." He was no Puritan—no new-light man. If he inclined to one mode of church discipline rather than another, he chose that which he conceived most favourable to liberty.

Marvell's strong and deep-thoughted satires gained for him the reputation of a wit, even in the court where wit was one of the few good things admissible. Charles himself forgave the patriot for the sake of the humourist. "Loving ridicule for its own sake, he cared not whether friend or foe, church or conventicle, were the object of derision. Burnet, who vilifies Marvell by calling him the 'liveliest droll of the age,' declares, that 'his books were the delight of all classes, from the King to the tradesman : ' a sentence which accidentally points out the limits of reading in those days. As neither poets nor wits have been always remarkable for moral firmness, and are as vulnerable in their vanity and fears as politicians in their avarice and ambition, no means were omitted to win over Marvell. He was threatened, he was flattered, he was thwarted, he was caressed, he was beset with spies, and if all tales be true, he was way-laid by ruffians, and courted by beauties. But no Dalilah could discover the secret of his strength : his integrity was proof alike against danger and against corruption ; nor was it enervated by that flattery, which, more frequently than either, seduces those weak, amiable creatures, whom, for lack of better, we are fain to call good. Against threats and bribes, pride is the ally of principle ; but how often has virtue pined away to a shadow, by too fondly contemplating its own image, reflected by insidious praise ; as Narcissus, in the fable, consumed his beauty by gazing on its watery shade. In a court which held no man to be honest, and no woman chaste, this soft

make a motion, that, instead of author, I may henceforth indifferently call him Mr. Bayes as oft as I shall see occasion; and that, first, because he hath no name, or at least will not own it, though he himself writes under the greatest security, and gives us the first letters of other men's names before he be asked them. Secondly, because he is, I perceive, a lover of elegancy of style, and can endure no man's tautologies but his own, and therefore I would not distaste him with too frequent repetition of one word; but chiefly because Mr. Bayes and he do very much symbolize in their understandings, in their humour, in their contempt and quarrelling, of all others, though of their own profession; because our divine, the author, manages his contest with the same prudence and civility which the poets and players of late have practised in their divisions; and lastly, because both their talents do peculiarly lie in exposing and personating the Nonconformists.

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to secrete himself for several days. Perhaps he found it prudent to absent himself from town, and seek security among his constituents; for in an extract from the records of the Hull Corporation, we find this notice :—" This day, 29th July, 1678, the court being met, Andrew Marvell, Esq., one of the burgesses of Parliament for this Borough, came into court, and several discourses were held about the town affairs." We know not, whether like his father, he was possessed with a presentiment of approaching mortality, and felt that this was to be his last visit to the scenes of his childhood; but certain it is, he was destined to see them no more. He returned to London, and with scarce any previous illness, or visible decay of constitution, on the 16th of August he expired, in the 58th year of his age, supposed by poison.

Marvell does not seem to have sympathized with the anti-monarchical prejudices of Milton. He is said to have written a most pathetic letter on the execution of King Charles. Certainly he expressed not pity merely, but admiration for that Prince, and that too in an ode addressed to Oliver Cromwell, but so worded, that it may pass either for a satire or a eulogy on the Protector.

AN HORATIAN ODE  
UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND.

\* \* \*

" Though justice against fate complain,  
 And plead the ancient rights in vain :  
     But those do hold or break,  
     As men are strong or weak.  
 Nature, that hateth emptiness,  
 Allows of penetration less ;  
     And therefore must make room  
     Where greater spirits come.  
 What field of all the civil war,  
 Where his were not the deepest scar ?

And Hampton shows what part  
 He had of wiser art :  
 When twining subtle fears with hope,  
 He wove a net of such a scope,  
     That Charles himself might chace,  
     To Carisbrook's narrow case ;  
 That thence the royal actor borne,  
 The tragic scaffold might adorne,  
     *While round the armed bands,*  
     *Did clap their bloody hands :*  
*He nothing common did, or mean,*  
*Upon that memorable scene ;*  
     *But with his keener eye,*  
     *The axe's edge did trye.*  
*Nor call'd the Gods with vulgar spight,*  
*To vindicate his helpless right :*  
     *But bow'd his comely head*  
     *Downe, as upon a bed.*  
 This was that memorable houre,  
 Which first assured the forced power ;  
     So when they did designe  
     The capitol's first line,  
 A bleeding head where they begun  
 Did fright the architects."

"The poems of Marvell are, for the most part, productions of his early youth. They have much of that over-activity of fancy, that remoteness of allusion, which distinguishes the school of Cowley ; but they have also a heartfelt tenderness, a childish simplicity of feeling, among all their complication of thought, which would atone for all their conceits, if conceit were indeed as great an offence against poetic nature as Addison and other critics of the French school pretend. But though there are cold conceits, a conceit is not necessarily cold. The mind, in certain states of passion, finds comfort in playing with occult or casual resemblances, and dallies with the echo of a sound.

We confine our praise to the poems which he wrote for himself. As for those he made to order, for Fairfax or Cromwell, they are as dull as every true son of the muse would wish these things to be. Captain Edward Thompson, who collected and published Marvell's works in 1776, has, with mischievous industry scraped together, out of the state poems, and other common sewers, a quantity of obscene and scurrilous trash, which we are convinced Marvell did not write, and which, by whomsoever written, ought to be delivered over to condign oblivion.

With less injury to Marvell's reputation, but equal disregard of probability, Captain Thompson ascribes to him the hymns or paraphrases, 'When all thy mercies, Oh my God,' 'The spacious firmament on high,' which were published in the *Spectator*, and afterwards in the works of Addison, to whom they undoubtedly belong. He was not the man to claim what was not his own. As to their being Marvell's, it is just as probable that they are Chaucer's. They present neither his language, his versification, nor his cast of thought."

We cannot conclude, without giving the following beautiful extract from a letter to a friend in affliction, which is novel on a trite subject,—that of consolation:—

"HONOURED SIR,

"Having a great esteem and affection for you, and the grateful memory of him that is departed being still green and fresh upon my spirit, I cannot forbear to enquire, how you have stood the second shock, at your sad meeting of friends in the country. I know that the very sight of those who have been witnesses of our better fortune, doth but serve to reinforce a calamity. I know the contagion of grief, and infection of tears; and especially when it runs in a blood. And I myself could sooner imitate than blame those innocent relentings of nature, so that they spring from tenderness only, and humanity, not from an implacable sorrow. The tears of a family may flow together like those little drops that compact the rainbow, and if they be placed with the same advantage towards heaven, as those are to the sun, they, too, have their splendour; and like that bow, while they unbend into seasonable showers, yet they promise that there shall not be a second flood. But the dissoluteness of grief—the prodigality of sorrow—is neither to be indulged in a man's self, nor complied with in others. Though an only son be inestimable, yet it is like Jonah's sin, to be angry at God for the withering of his gourd. He that gave his

"own son, may he not take ours? It is pride that makes a rebel; and  
 "nothing but the overweening of ourselves, and our own things, that  
 "raises us against Divine Providence. Whereas, Abraham's obedience  
 "was better than sacrifice. And if God please to accept both, it is in-  
 "deed a farther trial, but a greater honour. 'Tis true, it is a hard task  
 "to learn and teach at the same time. And where yourselves are the  
 "experiment, it is as if a man should dissect his own body, and read the  
 "anatomy lecture. But I will not heighten the difficulty, while I ad-  
 "vise the attempt. Only, as in difficult things, you would do well to  
 "make use of all that may strengthen and assist you; the Word of God,  
 "the society of good men, and the books of the ancients: there is one  
 "way more, which is by diversion, business and activity, which are also  
 "necessary to be used in their season."

It is much to be regretted, that no person has, as yet, published a portable volume of Marvell's many poems. I hope the day is not distant, when his effusions will be collected and issued from the press. It would, indeed, be a pleasing remembrance of the incorruptible patriot and true poet. Who would imagine that the following gentle verses were the outpourings of a mind schooled in desperate days, under the arbitrary and ruinous rule of King Charles II., whose government quailed under Marvell's biting satire, brilliant wit, and sterling truths, which often caused him to conceal himself from their dark threatenings. Doubtless, the following beautiful poem was written during his temporary durance from political activity:—

#### THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN.

How vainly men themselves amaze,  
 To win the palm, the oak, or bays:  
 And their incessant labours see  
 Crown'd from some single herb, or tree.  
 Whose short and narrow winged shade  
 Does prudently their wits upbraid;  
 While all the flowers, and trees, do close,  
 To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair quiet! have I found thee here,  
 And innocence, thy sister dear?  
 Mistaken long, I sought you then  
 In busy companies of men.  
 Your sacred plants, if here below,

Only among the plants will grow.  
Society is all but rude  
To this delicious solitude.

No white, nor red, was ever seen  
So am'rous as this lovely green.  
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,  
Cut in these trees, their mistress' name.  
Little, alas, they know or heed,  
How far their beauties her exceed !  
Fair trees ! where'er your barks I wound,  
No name shall but your own be found.

What wond'rous life is this I lead !  
Ripe apples drop about my head ;  
The luscious clusters of the vine  
Upon my mouth do crush their wine.  
The nectarine, and envious peach—  
Into my hands themselves do reach ;  
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,  
Insnares with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile, the mind from pleasure less,  
Withdraws into its happiness ;  
The mind, that ocean where each kind  
Does straight its own resemblance find ;  
Yet it creates, transcending these,  
Far other worlds, and other seas ;  
Annihilating all that's made  
To a green thought in a green shade.

There at the fountain's sliding foot,  
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,  
Casting the body's rest aside,  
My soul into the boughs does glide ;  
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,  
Then whets and claps its silver wings,  
And till prepared for longer flight,  
Waves in its plumes the various light.



## DR. WITTIE

Resided in Hull during the 17th century as a medical practitioner. He was the author of several books connected with his profession. He translated from the Latin of James Primrose, M.D.—“Popular Errours of the people, in matters of Physic,” the Preface to which is dated “From my house at Hull, December 2, 1650.” On the subject of this translation, his friend Andrew Marvell addressed complimentary poems to him—one in English, in which he styles our author as his “worthy friend,” and the other, inscribed “*Dignissimo suo amico Doctori Witty.*” One of his works, published in 1681, was entitled “A survey of the Heavens.” He appears to have died at a ripe age, some time after 1694-5, as he was then living, having published his first work more than 50 years previously. At the conclusion of the “Survey of the Heavens,” is printed “The Gout Rapture, augmented and improved, or an historical fiction of a War among the Stars, in English, Latin, and Greek Lyric verse, useful to Schools and such as would apply themselves to the study of Astronomy and the Celestial Globe.”

In an address to the reader, the poet says :— “ I was in a fit of the gout when first I projected the following Ode, and being not able to handle a pen, or turn over the leaves of a book, I happened to fall into a contemplation of the celestial bodies, with the modern opinions of wise men concerning their motion, aspects, and other accidents ; \* \* \* and the subject running much in my mind, I fancied it might be pleasant, to make a historical fiction of a war amongst the stars, and not improperly, seeing all astronomers agree, that there are inimicous aspects among them sometimes, as well as amicable.” Accordingly all the constellations are marshalled and brought into conflict. We have “a standing army of fixed stars,” a “flying army of planets,”—and indeed, the whole stellar zodiac in a

state of belligerency ! Five verses will be sufficient to shew the style of these poetical " Gout Raptures " :—

I sing of horrid tumults—  
As the gout permits to do it ;  
I stretch my throat, in a triple note,  
That all the world may know it.

To poetry I pretend not,  
And pain disturbs invention ;  
Yet the matters high, transcend the skie,  
And call for strict attention.

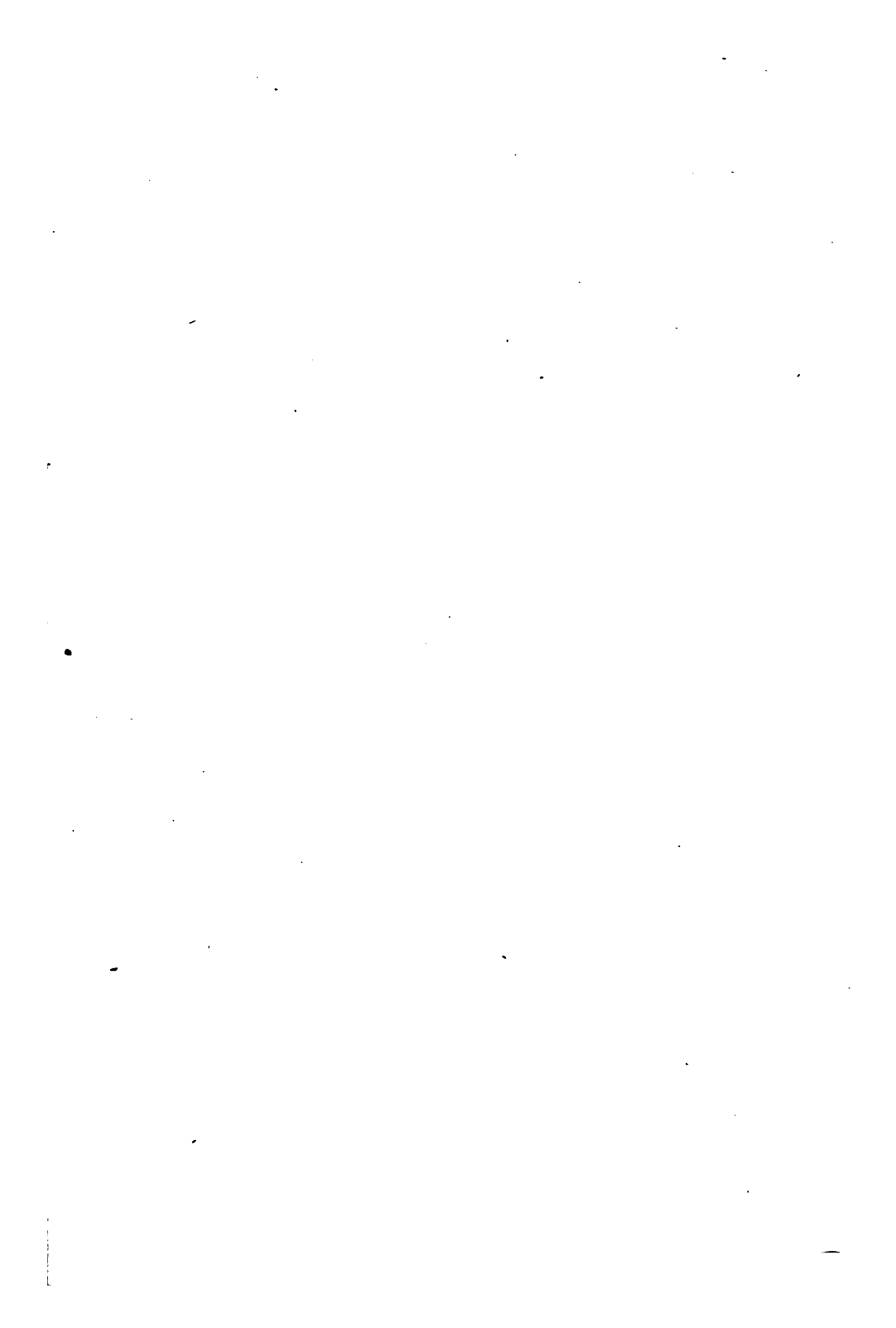
Urania ! here's thy subject !  
Now lend me too thy fancy ;  
Of all the nine, thou shalt be mine,  
I'll to the stars advance thee.

I saw the *Sun* once setting,  
Down to the north descending,  
When all the stars fell into jars  
About the rule contending.

The *Hemisphere* was darkened ;  
The age securely snorting ;  
Long was the night, and sharp the fight,  
As I am now reporting.

In this strain he goes on through 134 verses, which are repeated in Latin and Greek, thus showing a thorough knowledge, not only of every one of those rolling orbs which flash upon us when night hangs her jewelled tapestry above the earth, but also of the dead languages. He was deeply learned in astronomy, and must often have had his eyes turned " to Heaven's broad frame," as he wrote of those lights which shine so thickly—spreading themselves over the whole firmament.

The next author's name that deserves our attention is that of





COMMODORE EDWARD THOMPSON.

*(From an original Painting in the Possession of Lady Popham.)*

*Lithographed by Abraham Johnson,  
20 Silver Street, Finsbury.*

## EDWARD THOMPSON.

To use his own words :—

“I am the Bard (the *Naso* of my time,)   
 Born on the Humber, famed for luscious rhyme.”

Captain Thompson, who is perhaps best known for having given to the world an edition of the works of his townsman, Andrew Marvell, was the son of a Hull merchant. He was born in 1738. At an early age he was sent to sea, and made a voyage to the East Indies. He was afterwards pressed on board a man-of-war, and when only 19, was on board the *Jason*, in an engagement off Ushant, between Admiral Hawke, and Conflans. In the same year (1757), he rose to the rank of lieutenant, and at the end of the war he retired on half-pay. He was known throughout the navy by the appellation of “Rhyming Thompson.” His popularity was unparalleled, from the sweetness of his temper and the benevolence of his nature.

In a letter to Mr. Woodhouse, dated the 12th day of November, 1774, he makes it appear probable that it was, at that time, his intention to offer himself as a candidate, at the ensuing election, for the representation of his native town in Parliament. He says :—“I find you have had the devil to pay on your election. Let who will play the devil, I am determined to stand the next time. I lost the borough of Rochester by a listless, careless manner ; though I am rather inclined to blame myself than my friends.”

Besides the works of Andrew Marvell, Captain Thompson edited those of Oldham and Paul Whitehead. His first publication was a poem of an objectionable nature, called the “*Meretriciad*.” This was followed in 1764, by the “*Soldier* ;” in 1765, by the “*Courtezan*,” a poem by the “*Demirep*” ; and in 1767, by the “*Sailor’s Letters*,” (two volumes.) He next, in 1769, produced a laughable account of the Jubilee at Stratford-on-Avon,

under the title of "*Trinculo's Trip to the Jubilee*;" and about the same time followed two volumes called the "*Courts of Cupid*." In 1773, he brought forward at Drury-Lane Theatre, the "*Fair Quaker*," a comedy altered from Shadwell. On the breaking out of the American War, Thompson, through the interest of Garrick, who was his intimate friend, obtained a Captain's commission, and was appointed to the command of the *Hyæna* frigate. He was afterwards in Rodney's memorable action off Cape St. Vincent, and brought to England the news of the victory. In 1785 he had command of the *Grampus*, on board of which he died of fever, off the coast of Africa, on the 17th of January, 1786. Captain Thompson was a brother of the Trinity House, in which an excellent portrait of our sailor poet may be found. Many young men, who have since distinguished themselves in the service, were brought up under his tuition—among whom were his nephew, the late Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Boulden Thompson, and the late Rear Admiral Sir Horne Popham. Campbell who rates his martial much higher than either his literary or moral character, says "a few of his sea songs are entitled to remembrance." The following is a fair specimen of his rollicking style of writing :—

## SONG.

" Loose every sail to the breeze,  
     The course of my vessel improve ;  
 I've done with the toils of the seas,  
     Ye sailors, I'm bound to my love.

Since Emma is true as she's fair,  
     My griefs I fling all to the wind ;  
 'Tis a pleasing return for my care,  
     My mistress is constant and kind.

My sails are all fill'd to my dear ;  
 What tropic wind faster can move ?  
 Who, cruel, shall hold his career  
 That returns to the nest of his love ?

Hoist every sail to the breeze,  
 Come, shipmates, and join in the song ;  
 Let's drink, while the ship rolls the seas,  
 To the gale that may drive her along."

The next name I shall introduce, is one of the most distinguished of our Poets—the

#### REV. WILLIAM MASON.

His grandfather, Hugh Mason, was appointed in 1696, Collector of Customs at this port ; and his father was Vicar of Holy Trinity Church from 1722 to 1753, and founded the Vicar's School in 1734, in commemoration of the revolution.

Our Poet was born in 1725. He was educated at the Grammar School, and, in 1742, entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, where, in 1749, he took the degree of M.A., having previously written a "Monody on the death of Pope." He likewise wrote his pieces "*Il Bellicoso*," and "*Il Pacifico*," which were revised by the Poet Gray, and this laid the foundation of that friendship between the two, which terminated but with life. In 1752, he published "*Elfrida*," and in 1759, "*Caractacus*," both dramatic poems. In 1756, he published four Odes—on "Independence," "Memory," "Melancholy," and the "Fall of Tyranny." Having taken orders, in 1756 he was presented to the Rectory of Aston, in Yorkshire. In 1765, he married Miss Sherman, of Hull, which lady died two years afterwards of consumption, at the age of 28 years, at Bristol, where her husband inscribed near her grave

some beautiful and celebrated lines, concerning which Chalmers remarked that "it would not be easy to discover a poem, which conveys more quick sympathy, in the whole range of elegiac poetry." In 1772, Mason published the first, and in 1782, the last book of the "English Garden," a beautiful didactic poem in blank verse, in the exordium of which, he tells the reader, that it was undertaken "less to court the world's applause, than to soothe that agony of heart, which they alone who best have loved—who best have been beloved, can feel and pity, when the object of their love is no more!"

Gray was a constant visitor at the pleasant parsonage of Aston. The garden was beautifully laid out, containing a splendid summer-house, built of wood, and closely invested with the tendrils and festoons of the evergreens and flowering plants. Over the front, on a tablet, was painted a stanza from an early edition of "Gray's Elegy." (Gray himself having paid Mason a visit in 1770, a short time before his death.) On entering the temple of the muses, there was displayed an embossed medallion of Mason and Gray; on a circular stone was engraven a lyre, and around it a Greek inscription; upon the floor stood two urns and pedestals, dedicated to the memory of the friendly Poets, reminding one of those lines which open the third book of the "English Garden":—

"Closed is that curious eye by death's cold hand,  
That mark'd each error of my careless strain  
With kind severity; to whom my muse  
Still loved to whisper, what she meant to sing  
In louder accent; to whose taste supreme  
She first and last appeal'd, nor wished for praise,  
Save when his smile was herald to her fame.  
Yes, thou art gone; yet friendship's flattering tongue  
Invokes thee still; and still by fancy soothed,  
Fain would she hope her Gray attends the call,



Or fix this votive tablet, fair inscribed  
With numbers worthy thee, for they are thine.  
Why, if thou hear'st me still, these symbols sad  
Of fond memorial? Oh, my pensive soul!  
He hears me not, nor ever more shall hear  
The theme his candour, not his taste, approved."

When Gray died in 1771, the year after his visit to Aston, a volume of very pleasing "Memoirs" of him was published in 1775, by his friend Mason, who, besides being a Poet, possessed considerable accomplishments in the sister arts of painting and music, particularly the latter. When he was precentor of York Cathedral, he not only composed a *Te Deum* and other pieces for the choir, but an "Essay historical and critical, on English Church Music," also a poem on Horticulture.

The youthful character of Mason, as drawn by his friend Gray, is at once amiable and amusing. He says that "he was one of much fancy, little judgment, and a good deal of modesty; a good well meaning creature, but in simplicity a perfect child; he reads little or nothing, writes abundance, and that with a design to make a fortune by it; a little vain, but in so harmless a way, that it does not offend; a little ambitious, but withal so ignorant of the world and its ways, that this does not hurt him in one's opinion; so sincere and undisguised, that no one with a spark of generosity would ever think of hurting him, he lies so open to injury; but so indolent, that if he cannot overcome this habit, all his good qualities will signify nothing at all."

Mason in politics was an energetic whig; his political principles were held in abhorrence at court, through publishing some satirical pieces, and ultimately this caused all connexion to cease in that quarter. He died April 7th, 1797, at Aston, at the age of 72 years, where, as well as in Westminster Abbey, there is an inscription on a marble tablet to his memory. It is

said, as a Poet, Mason was the last bright link between the eras of Pope and Cowper.

I will now proceed to present my readers with a brief sketch and specimen of the writings of

### THOMAS BRIDGES.

Mr. Baker, the author of "*Biographica Dramatica*," was not aware of the birth-place of this humourous poet ; and, indeed, very little is known of his personal history. It is certain, however, that he was a banker and wine-merchant, and brother to Dr. Bridges, who also resided in Hull. He was the author of an amusing travestie of Homer, in 2 volumes, which he published under the title of "A new translation of Homer's Iliad, adapted to the capacity of honest English Roast Beef and Plum Pudding Eaters, by Caustic Barebones, a Broken Apothecary, 1762." He also wrote some excellent, light and entertaining poetical pieces, as well as a novel entitled "The adventures of a Bank Note," besides a Comic Opera, called "Dido," and a musical entertainment denominated "The Dutchman." Prefixed to his translation of the Iliad, is a singular description of the author under the assumed name of "Barebones." This work appeared three years after the failure, in 1759, of the Poet and his unfortunate partners, who carried on business under the then well-known firm of "Sill, Bridges, and Blunt." A good specimen of his poetic genius is found in the account of the interposition of Pallas between Agamemnon and Achilles, thus singularly translated from the first book of the Iliad :—

"Had you but seen Achilles fret it,  
I think you never would forget it.  
A sight so dreadful ne'er was seen,  
He sweat for very rage and spleen ;  
Long was he balanced at both ends,  
When reason mounted, rage descends ;

The last commanded—'Sword lug out';  
 The first advised him not to do 't.  
 With half-drawn weapon fierce he stood,  
 Eager to let the general blood;  
 When Pallas, swift descending down,  
 Hit him a knock upon the crown;  
 Then roar'd as loud as she could yelp,  
 Lugging his ears, 'Tis I, you whelp!'

Pelides wonder'd who could be  
 So bold, and turn'd about to see,  
 He knew the brightness of her eyes,  
 And loud as he could bawl, he cries,  
 'Goddess of wisdom! pray what weather  
 Has blown your goat skin doublet hither?  
 Howe'er thou com'st quite opportune,  
 To see how basely I'm run down;  
 Thou com'st most *a propos incog*,  
 To see how I will trim this dog;  
 For by this rusty blade, his life  
 Or mine shall end this furious strife.'

To whom replied the blue eyed Pallas,  
 'I come to save thee from the gallows;  
 Thou'rt surely either mad or drunk,  
 To threaten murder for a punk;  
 Prithee man, let this passion cool,  
 For once be guided by a fool;  
 I flew like lightning from above,  
 Thy dreadful fury to remove;  
 For white-armed Juno bid me say,  
 Let reason now thy passion sway,  
 And angry be another day.'"

We will now pass on to the name of

R A L P H D A R L I N G,

An Alderman of the borough, and twice Mayor of his

native town, who was born in the Parish of Holy Trinity, January 17, 1728, where he was for many years a medical practitioner. He turned the English translation of the Holy Evangelists into verse; and died November 21st, 1798, aged 70 years. His labours were submitted to the public, and in 1801, his work was published under the title of "A Poetical Version of the Four Gospels." This work is a quarto volume of nearly 400 pages, and is not very poetical, as the author says, having "limited himself to the faithful expression in verse, of what our learned and pious translators of the Scriptures have executed in prose." The following is the opening paragraph of the 28th chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, in which Christ's Resurrection is declared by an angel to the women :—

"The first morn of the week, ere dawning day  
 Had chased the dusky shades of night away,  
 The Marys reached the tomb. An earthquake rent  
 The ground's firm surface, whilst with swift descent  
 An angel came from heaven, who roll'd the stone  
 From off the sepulchre, and sat thereon.  
 His countenance did bright as lightning glow;  
 White was his raiment as unsullied snow;  
 Of terror all that looked on him partook;  
 The very guards, o'ercome with horror shook,  
 And like men actually dead appeared;  
 The angel then benevolently cheer'd  
 The women, saying, 'Let your fear subside;  
 Ye look for Jesus, who was crucified;  
 He is not here, but risen as he said—  
 Come view the cavern where the Lord was laid;  
 To his disciples now with speed repair,  
 Jesus' resurrection to declare.  
 Behold! before you into Galilee  
 He goes, 'where your loved Master ye shall see.  
 Lo! I have told you.' With exceeding fear,

And equal joy, they left the sepulchre ;  
 But whilst they ran their tidings to convey,  
 Jesus in person met them on the way,  
 Saying, ' All hail ' ! at which endearing word  
 They clasp'd his feet, and piously adored.  
 He then admonish'd them to banish fear,  
 Adding—' This message to my brethren bear—  
 Repair to Galilee, as ye were told,  
 Where all of ye my countenance shall behold.' "

In this style of versification it continues through nearly 400 pages of pure piety.

The next bard who invites attention is

### NATHANIEL TUCKER, M.D.

Dr. Tucker, who practised as a physician, first at Malton, afterwards for 22 years in this town, was born in Bermuda, as his verse indicates in the following couplet :—

" Bermuda ! parent of my early days,  
 To thee belong my tributary lays."

A spot where, as " tuneful Waller " sings, he found—

" So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,  
 None sickly lives, or dies before his time ;  
 Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncurs'd,  
 To shew how all things were created first."

Previously to Dr. Tucker becoming a medical student at Edinburgh, he wrote a poem called " The Bermudian," which was printed in 1774, and has been complimented in an elegant sonnet, by the Rev. Dr. Henley, who says :—" This poem breathes throughout that pure spirit of mildness and benevolence, which so strikingly characterized the habits and life of its author." In 1776, he published " The Anchoret," a poem. Dr. Tucker died, November 28th, 1809, aged

57 years. A second edition of "The Bermudian" was published at Hull, by his widow, in the following year.

"The Bermudian" contains 332 lines in the style of the succeeding passage. The author is viewing in retrospect the home of his nativity :—

"Beneath my bending eye, serenely neat,  
Appears my ever-blest paternal seat,  
Far in the front the level lawn extends,  
The zephyrs play, the nodding cypress bends ;  
A little hillock stands on either side,  
O'erspread with evergreens, the garden's pride,  
Promiscuous here appears the blushing rose,  
The guava flourishes, the myrtle grows,  
Upon the surface, earth-born woodbines creep,  
O'er the green beds painted nasturtians peep,  
Their arms aloft, triumphant lilacs bear,  
And jessamines perfume the ambient air.  
The whole is from an eminence display'd,  
Where the brown olive lends his pensive shade,  
When zephyrs then the noon-tide heat assuage,  
Oft have I turn'd the meditative page,  
And calmly read the lingering hours away,  
Securely shelter'd from the blaze of day.  
At eve refreshed, I trod the mazy walk,  
And bade the minutes pass in cheerful talk,  
With many a joke my brothers, would assail,  
Or cheer my sisters with the comic tale ;     [veyed,  
While both fond parents, pleased, the group sur-  
Attentive heard, and smiled at all they said.  
Thrice happy seat ! here once were centered all  
That bind my heart to this terrestrial ball ;  
The sight of these, each gloomy thought destroys,  
And ties my soul to sublunary joys !"

We will now proceed to notice that celebrated translator of German dramatic literature into English—

## BENJAMIN THOMPSON,

Who was the son of the late Alderman B. B. Thompson, a timber merchant of Hull, where our author was born, March 10th, 1774. When about 15 years of age, he was sent to finish his education in Germany. He thus acquired a critical knowledge of the language of that country, and became especially familiar with the beauties of the unfortunate Kotzebue, whose celebrated play of "The Stranger," he translated soon after his return to England. He was unsuccessful in his original business, and also in a laudable attempt to naturalize the breed of merino sheep, a present having been made to him by his Majesty, King George III., of a part of the royal flock from Kew. This new speculation being an unprofitable one, and his mercantile pursuits failing, Mr. Thompson went to London and became an author by profession, and soon attained to considerable eminence in the literary world, publishing, besides various works of a similiar class, six volumes of translations, under the title of "The German Theatre." His other original productions were not numerous, consisting only of some imitations of Gellert, which first appeared in the *Hull Advertiser*, in 1798, under the signature of "Hugo," "The Recall of Momus, a Bagatelle;" "Godolphin, or the Lion of the North," a drama; and "Oberon's Oath, or the Paladin and the Princess, a melo-dramatic romance," founded on a poem by Wieland. This piece was brought out at Drury Lane Theatre, on the 21st of May, 1816, and was unfavourably received by the public. This is supposed to have occasioned the death of the author, his feelings being highly excited by the disappointment of his expectations as to the success of the production.

Mr. Thompson died of apoplexy, in London, May 25, 1816, at the age of 37 years. The following mock-serious lines are from his imitations of Gellert :—

## SUICIDE!

"For your instruction, Oh! unguarded youth,  
 I sing, alas, a melancholy truth;  
 To you the power of cupid I'll impart,  
 Learn from my tale to shun the urchin's dart.  
 I knew an upright, venerable sage,  
 Blest with a son, the comfort of his age;  
 This son, whose virtues fail'd not to excite  
 In all around him wonder and delight,  
 The sweet enchanting Caroline adored,  
 And at her feet, for mutual love implored  
 In vain. For though his sufferings she surveyed,  
 Inflexible remained the cruel maid.  
 'Enough!' cried he, 'tis but a moment's pain,  
 Ne'er shalt thou hear this hated voice again,  
 Forth from his side the glittering sword he drew,  
 Aloft he held it, horrible to view;  
 The edge, the point, he eyed with look of death—  
 And then—returned it calmly to the sheath!"

The next name that invites our attention is that of

## ISAAC WILSON,

Who, although born at Eggleston, in the County of Durham, becomes identified with this town, through a residence in it of about 40 years. In the year 1800, he became the editor of the *Hull Advertiser*, in which paper many of his poetical productions originally appeared. In 1830, a collection appeared, entitled "Miscellanies, in prose and verse: consisting of the Inspector, a periodical paper, and poems, chiefly published in the *Hull Advertiser*." This handsome volume, of 360 pages, includes "The Infidel and Christian Philosophers: or, the last hours of Voltaire and Addison contrasted," which first appeared in 1802. The poem concludes with the following beautiful lines:—



" Ye self-call'd sages who, to wisdom blind,  
 Strive to corrupt and brutalize mankind ;  
 Ye who, of ignorance and error vain,  
 Count virtue loss, and irreligion gain ;  
 The riches of redeeming grace despise,  
 And slight those truths, the good and virtuous prize.  
 Can you, regardless of the wild despair—  
 The cruel sufferings of your loved VOLTAIRE ?  
 And still unmoved, forbear to shun his fate !  
 Can you, a willing prey to guilt resigned,  
 Still hardened view that heavenly frame of mind,  
 That peace of soul that ADDISON displays,  
 Nor thus to Heaven in prayer your voices raise—  
 ' All gracious God ! on me thy mercies shower,  
 And crown, like ADDISON's my dying hour !  
 Sustain my soul with hopes of future bliss,  
 And let my latter moments be like his ! '  
 O may the awful truths these lines suggest,  
 Be on each mind indelibly imprest ;  
 Taught their eternal interest to discern,  
 May all mankind th' important lesson learn—  
 That though, when free life's circling current plays,  
 And all things promise length of prosperous days,  
 The wicked man his anguish may conceal,  
 And from the wolf that tears his vitals steal ;  
 Nay more, that though, when on a death-bed cast,  
 The wretched unbeliever breathes his last,  
 Pride, or a passion for an empty name,  
 A daring spirit or the fear of shame  
 In one, of thousands, may by chance repress  
 The free confession of deserved distress ;  
 Yet those feel pangs which in their dying hour  
 (Howe'er disguised) all such are doom'd t' endure,  
 In energetic language testify,  
 ' Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die ! ' "

I shall notice next a name that is familiar to us all,

whose ancient family have produced, from generation to generation, gifted sons and scholars :—

GEORGE PRYME, M.A.,

Grandson of Francis Pryme, Esq., an Alderman and twice Mayor of this town, was a native of Hull. He received his early education at the Grammar School, under Mr. Milner, and afterwards became a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he distinguished himself while an undergraduate, by gaining Sir Wm. Browne's gold medal, in 1801 and 1802, for the best Greek and Latin Epigrams, and the best Greek Ode. In 1803 he gained the Buchanan prize, for the best Greek Ode on the "Creation." In each of the two following years he had the first prize awarded to him, for the best Latin Essay; and in 1809, the Seatonian prize was adjudged to him, for his poem on the "Conquest of Canaan." Besides the prize poems and essays already mentioned, Mr. Pryme, in 1813, printed "An Ode to Trinity College." He was also the author of various publications on the rather unpoetical subject of political economy, as well as on other topics. But I must keep to my text, therefore I will conclude this sketch with the following lines from the "Conquest of Canaan," which refers to the battle of Gibeon, from the 10th chapter of the book of Joshua :—

"Slow as the congregated troops advance  
O'er Gibeon's fatal plain; the banner'd pride  
Of various nations waving in the breeze  
The gleam of burnish'd helms and shields and spears  
Glittering in distance, far as eye could pierce,  
Bursts on the plumed chief's enraptured view;  
While echo wide the clarion's swelling note,  
And shriller harmonies inflame the breast,  
And vengeance glistens in his doubtless eye;  
In spite of ancient prophecies of woe,

Day dreams of victory inspire the hope  
 To combat heaven's decree, and conquer fate.  
 To crush their pride and vassal Gibeon save,  
 Through night's pale gloom impatient Israel moves,  
 On their high crests sate victory enthroned,  
 And heavenly favour steel'd each lance's point,  
 On every side unsparing slaughter spreads,  
 And Judah's warriors sweep whole ranks away.  
 Each desperate leader hurries through his bands,  
 And to fresh valour fires their drooping hearts,  
 The flower of Canaan rallies from defeat,  
 In circling crescents wheel, close column forms,  
 Or serried phalanx's compacted force;  
 Again their troops in flight are scatter'd wide,  
 Like Lybian sands before the southern blast.  
 With Israel's sword the elements conspire  
 To pour a deeper ruin. O'er their heads  
 The vollied lightnings flash, loud whirlwinds howl,  
 Impetuous torrents through the lucid air  
 Congeal'd in massy spheres of hail descend,  
 And dash the fainting fugitives to earth;  
 Breathless, with faltering steps they strive to flee,  
 And look for safety in approaching night.  
 Vain expectation; at the wonted hour  
 No darkness in her friendly mantle shrouds  
 Yon routed band. The awful mandate bursts  
 From Joshua's tongue: astonished nature owns  
 His potent voice: the orb of day arrests  
 His weary course. The dying flames of fight  
 Revive; again red slaughter dyes the plain,  
 Till the tired warrior quits the faint pursuit  
 By the last radiance of the ling'ring sun;  
 Death's piercing cries in horrid silence sink:  
 And the last sound of battle dies away."

Having two more authors requiring a passing notice, we must not therefore dwell any longer, but proceed rapidly with a brief sketch of the

## REV. RICHARD PATRICK, M.A.

This gentleman was born in Hull, in 1768, where his father was an officer of excise. Mr. Patrick was baptized at the Church of Holy Trinity, on the 25th of November, 1769, and received his education at the Grammar School, under the excellent Rev. Joseph Milner, where he was long the class-fellow and competitor of the late Rev. J. H. Bromby, for many years the esteemed Vicar of Holy Trinity Church. He was for 20 years, Vicar of the Parish of Sculcoates, and according to high authorities, was considered the most erudite of that constellation of authors, whose names are identified with their native town; it was said "few men better deserved the appellation of learned."

His MSS., which were extremely numerous, consisted chiefly of miscellaneous notes and extracts inserted in a folio volume. Towards the close of life, circumstances beyond human control prevented him from making their contents profitable to the public; his mind became subject to occasional serious aberrations, brought on, probably, by excess of study. Mr. Patrick died, deeply lamented, on the 9th of February, 1815.

Mr. Patrick first appeared before the world as an author anonymously. He wrote a learned critique on "Davies' Celtic Researches," which he furnished to the editor of the *Imperial Review*. The extent of his reading, and of his researches into the history and origin of languages, was chiefly made known to the public through the medium of the *Classical Journal*. In the fifth number of that work, for March, 1811, appeared his essay on "The Chinese World." The seventh number of the same Journal, for September, 1811, contains the following communications from Mr. Patrick, "A New Translation of Obscure Passages in the Bible;" "The 10th chapter of Genesis explained, or an Essay on the First Peopling of the

Earth," and the "Britain of the Classics." Then followed "The Chart of Ten Numerals, in 900 Tongues," which is described by its compiler as having been "collected from one thousand authors, before Adelung and Eickhorn wrote, and from books of Voyages and Tours, the amusing labour of twenty years!" &c.

His last avowed production was a poem, which was not considered worthy of much merit, entitled "The death of Prince Bagration, or the French defeated in Russia and Poland, in 1812 and 1813." From the death-song of the Prince Bagration, who fell in the sanguinary battle of Borodino, I have copied the following allusion to the sufferings of the French army in their disastrous winter campaign in Russia :—

"Oh ! flight full of revenge  
 To Russia's shepherds sweet !  
 Oh ! hail-fraught storms of showery snow,  
 Pouring from angry Heaven.  
 Righteous your vengeance on the crest-fallen foe,  
 And just and most complete !  
 Turn, tyrant, turn thy savage eye  
 And see thy blood-hounds fell,  
 So lately—' fierce as furies, terrible as hell ; '  
 In their own blood they lie !  
 Yes, atheist host of France !  
 Thy daring blasphemies have reach'd  
 The sovereign Ruler of the sky,  
 Struck by Jehovah's arm, ye sicken and ye die.  
 And he, the fiercest tyrant of the West,  
 A second proud Senacherib shall die ;  
 Such the well-measur'd doom, and well-earn'd fate  
 This second Tamerlane, this Attila shall wait.  
 Nay, France herself ' shall rise, and at a blow  
 Crush the dire author of all Europe's woe.'  
 But happier far my Russia's fate from thine,  
 Degenerate child of freeborn Corsic's clime,  
 And happier far *our* hardy host

Than *thy* appall'd disorganized line,  
 So shatter'd, (erst so proud ; )  
 Thro' thy disorganized camps  
 No voice was heard to spread,  
 But voice of curses loud upon the tyrant's head."

We have one more poet to notice and then I shall have completed the task I assigned to myself. I can only entertain the hope, that if my readers are half as much pleased with the specimens from Hull Poets, as I have been in their compilation, I shall be amply repaid for the time and labour involved in this undertaking. And now for the last, but by no means the least, clever of the sons of song, who once resided in Hull, the

REV. THOMAS BROWNE.

This exceedingly clever man, who was born in 1771, was the son of a clergyman residing at Lastringham, near Kirby-moor-side, Yorkshire, nephew of Mr. Thomas Browne, a bookseller in Hull, and the first curator of the Subscription Library. Mr. Browne was, for a short time, under the tuition of the Rev. J. Milner, of Hull, and in 1797, he came to reside in this town, having undertaken the editorial management of the *Hull Advertiser*, in which journal appeared many of his prose essays and poetical pieces, under the signature of "Alexis." Mr. Browne obtained Holy Orders, but died shortly afterwards, on the 8th day of January, 1798, in the 26th year of his age.

His "Poems on several occasions," which contain some excellent specimens of the Yorkshire dialect, were published, with a memoir of the author's life, by Mr. John Merritt of Liverpool, who, previously to Mr. Brown, had occupied the editorial chair of the *Hull Advertiser*.

Read the following beautiful and simple yet touching specimen of the style of our talented Poet ;—

## AWD DAISY.—AN ECLOGUE.

*Goorgy*—Weell met, good Robert, saw ye my awd meer ;  
 I've lated her an hoor, i' t' loonin here,  
 But, howsumiver, spite of all my care,  
 I cannot spy her, nowther head nor hair.

*Robert*—Whaw, Goorgy, I've to teyl ye dowly news,  
 Syke as I'se varra seer will make ye muse ;  
 I just this minnet left your poor awd tyke,  
 Dead as a steean, i' Johnny Dobson's dyke.

*Goorgy*—Whoor ! what's that, Robin ? tell us owre ageean ;  
 You're joking, or you've mebbly been mistean.

*Robert*—Nay, marry Goorgy, I seer I can't be wrang,  
 You kno' I've keyn'd awd Daisy now se lang ;  
 Her bread-ratched feeace, an' twa white hinder legs,  
 Preav'd it was hor, as seer as eggs is eggs.

*Goorgy*—Poor thing ! what deead then ? had she laid there lang ?  
 Whor abouts is she ? Robert, will you gang ?

*Robert*—I care nut, Goorgy, I han't much te dea,  
 A good hour's labour, or may happen twea ;  
 Bud as I niver like to hing behind,  
 When I can dea a kaundness tiv a frynd,  
 An' I can help you, wi' my hand or team,  
 I'll help to skin her, or to bring her heam.

*Goorgy*—Thank ye, good Robert, I can't think belike,  
 How't poor awd creature tumbled into t'dyke.

*Robert*—Ye maund she'd fun hersen, just gaun te dee,  
 An' sea laid down by t'side (as seems to me,)  
 An' when she felt the pains o' death within,  
 She kick'd an' struggled, an' se towpled in.

*Goorgy*—Meast lickly ; bud—what, was she dead outrect,  
 When ye furst gat up ? when ye gat t' furst seet ?

*Robert*—Youse hear ; as was gaun doon t' looan I spy'd  
 A scoore or mair o' crows by t' gutter side ;  
 All se thrang, hoppin in, and hoppin out,

I wonder'd what i' the warld they were about.  
 I leuks, an' then I sees an awd yode laid,  
 Gaspin' an' pantin' there, an' ommost dead ;  
 An' as they pick'd its een, and pick'd ageean,  
 It just eud lift its leg, and give a greean ;  
 But when I fand awd Daisy was their prey,  
 I wav'd my hat, an' shoo'd em all away.  
 Poor Dais!—ye maund, she's now woorn fairly out,  
 She's lang been quite hard sett te trail about.  
 But yonder, Goorgy, loo' ye whoor she's laid,  
 An' twea 'r three Nanpies chatt'rin owre her head.

*Goorgy*—Aye, marry ! this I niver wish'd to see,  
 She's been se good, se true a frynd te me !  
 An' is thou cum te this, my poor poor awd meer ?  
 Thou's been a trusty servant monny a year,  
 An' better treatment thou's deserv'd fra me,  
 Than thus neglected in a dyke te dee !  
 Monny a day work we ha' wrought together,  
 An' bidden monny a blast o' wind an weather ;  
 Mony a lang dree maule, owre moss an' moor,  
 An' monny a hill and deecal we've travell'd owre ;  
 But now, weeas me ! thou'll niver trot ne mair,  
 Te nowther kirk nor market, spoort nor fair ;  
 And now, for't future, thoff I's awd and leam,  
 I mun be foore'd te walk, or stay at heam ;  
 Ne mair thou'l bring me cooals fra' Blackay brow,  
 Or sticks fra't wood, or turves fra' Leaf how cow.  
 My poor awd Daise ! afoor I dig thy greeave,  
 Thy well-worn shoon I will for keep-seeakes seeave ;  
 Thy hide, poor lass ! I'll hev it taun'd wi' care,  
 'Twill mak' a cover te my awd airm chair,  
 An' pairt an apron for my wife te weear,  
 When cardin' woul, or weshin' t' parlour flier :  
 Deep i' 't cawd yearth I will thy carcase pleeace,  
 'At thy poor beans may lig, and rist i' peeace ;  
 Deep i' t' cawd yearth, 'at dogs mayn't scrat thee out,



An' rauve thy flesh, an' trail thy beens about.  
 Thou's been se faithful for se lang to me,  
 Thou sannut at thy death neglected be;  
 Seyldom a Christian 'at yan now can fynd,  
 Wad be mair trusty or mair true a frynd."

A few words more before I conclude these notices of the "Past Poets of Hull." There have been many bards besides those mentioned; but I have adhered to the rule I laid down—to recognise the names only of those gifted men who compiled and published a volume of verse in Hull. I am certain the reader will be of the same opinion as myself, that our town has reason to be proud in having once possessed so many highly educated 'sons of song,' and in having given to the country more than its proportionate share of poetical genius. And, doubtless, there are plenty in the living present who will continue to exalt our town in the future. It is acknowledged that there are seasons when—unharnessed from the trappings of the world—Nature seizes upon times and particular occasions to impress upon us that poetry pervades all around; that it is her highest office to raise the brow of man to Heaven, for in all her outward appearances she breathes inspiration and poetry. It is at such times, we all are imbued with the highest poetical feeling. When we wander in green fields, and tread as it were a carpet of natural flowers, away from the noise and din of town life, then these sublime thoughts come stealing softly over the heart, "for as the sea shell unceasingly sings the music of its far off home, so the soul holds communion with an unseen world." This is poetry which we feel and know, but which many of us cannot adequately express.

I trust that the few specimens quoted in this work, may be the means of inspiring and stimulating many to put on their singing robes, keeping in remembrance that poetry, unlike prose, must be nourished with care,

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